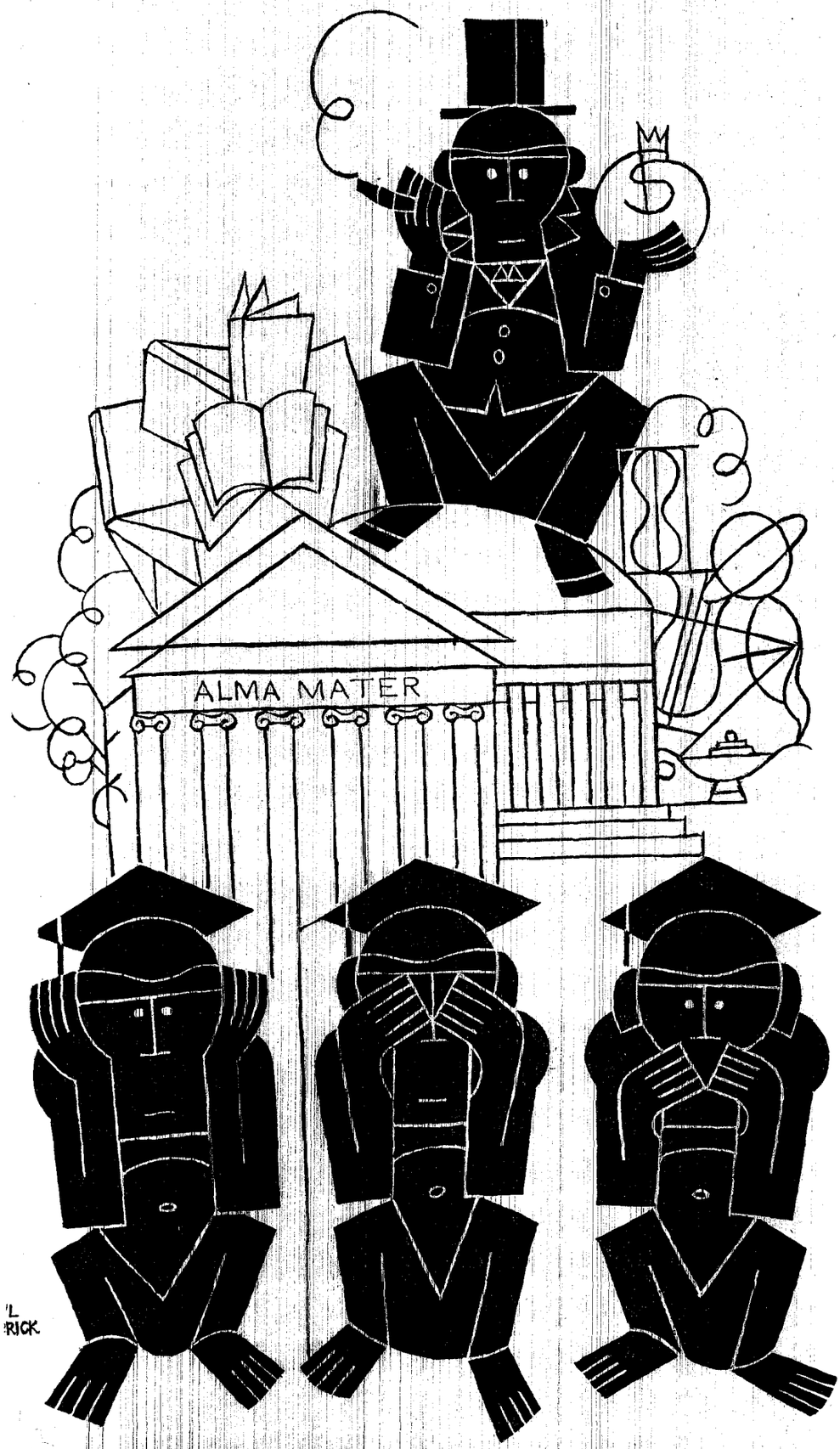
NEW MASSES

SEPTEMBER 29, 1936 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY



Harvard's Tercentenary
John Darrell

Spain's War Economy
James Hawthorne

The Road from Rome
Robert Forsythe

The Changing Dominion
John Hyde Preston

Doubting Thomas
M. R. Bendiner

Education and Politics
An Editorial

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

NEW MASSES readers, apparently, are people of few words. We hope it's because you are all so busy fighting the good fight that you haven't had that odd moment to jot down and send off your feeling about the recent changes. We've had a few comments, mostly favorable, and we've had an unprecedented number of new subscriptions. The latter is, of course, a tiptop way of saying you like the magazine, but at the same time, we'd like to know in more detail just what you like and just where you'd like to see some improvement.

For example, do you think the "Conning the News" department does its job the way you think it should? Editors

Bendiner, Minton, and Reid, who do it, want to know. Do you find the listings at the end of the "Sights and Sounds" department useful? Do you like extended controversies like the Farrell-Hicks-Schneider-Schappes matter in the "Readers' Forum" or would you like to see it devoted more to brief news letters from all over? Write your own ticket.

J. B. McNamara, who has been in prison for twenty-five years charged with dynamiting the Los Angeles *Times* building, has asked the International Labor Defense to forward his prison comfort money for the next four months to the defenders of democracy in Spain.

Which reminds us that all moneys for the aid of the Spanish government should now be sent direct to David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garments Workers' Union, 3 West 16th Street, N. Y.

From Moscow, Correspondent Joshua Kunitz writes us that he is sending a a series of articles on the recent trial of Zinoviev, Kamenev, and the others. Kunitz, who was present at the trial and understands Russian perfectly, writes us: "This is one of the most stirring, tragic, and instructive trials in history. It involves so many phases of the revolutionary movement, so many psychological enigmas which have to be explained . . . that I have decided to do a thorough job. In writing these articles, I tried to answer the following questions: Was the trial genuine? Why the shameless behavior of the accused? Why were there no signs of defiance, criticism of the regime, of Stalin, etc.? Were the accused sincere? How did it happen that former Marxists and revolutionary leaders of no mean stature degenerated to the point of hypocrisy, chicanery, double-dealing, murder, etc.? What were the objective and subjective factors involved?"

Who's Who

JOHN HYDE PRESTON, who appears for the first time in the NEW MASSES in this issue, is best known for his writings on American Revolutionary history, which include a biography, *Mad Anthony Wayne,* and *Revolution 1776.*

John Darrell, who has contributed before to our pages, is a son of old John Harvard.

James Wechsler was the editor of the Columbia *Spectator* and wrote the widely praised *Revolt on the Campus.* He is now director of publications for the American Student Union.

Sarah Carlton is active in the coöperative movement.

Walter Ralston, whose reviews appear frequently is the NEW MASSES, is a contributor to several liberal and literary periodicals.

Josephine Herbst is at work on a new novel. Her most recent book is *The Executioner Waits.*

Stefan Heym is a German poet now in exile.

Peter York is that unusual combination, a poet and a student of politics. He has contributed poems and reviews to previous issues of the NEW MASSES.

John Mackey's "Unnatural History" series, another chapter of which appears in this issue, will eventually be available in book form to eager students of the subject.

What's What

SEVERAL new courses are listed in the curriculum of the Workers School in New York, the fall term of which opens Monday, Sept. 28 (which means regis-

tration is just about closing, so hop to it!). Among them are History and Method of Science, Marxism and Literature, Fascist Trends in the United States, History of the Communist International, and others. Forty courses are offered in all. Among those on the teaching staff are Anna Kochester, A. B. Magil, Angel Flores, Isidore Begun, and Louis Budenz.

Let us remind you again that subscribers who change adresses are urged to write directly to our circulation department about it, and not leave it merely to the post office, as that has proved unsatisfactory. Two weeks' notice is required to effect a change of address. In case of non-delivery, file a complaint with the post office about it, and send us a copy of the complaint.

Forty-six American artists, speaking in the name of the American Artists Group, have put to Governor Landon a series of questions designed to place on record his views on government encouragement and support of art and the artist. In asking the questions, the Group pays tribute to the activities of the present national administration in giving relief to needy artists and in the assignment of commissions for the decorations of public buildings and in other ways. One question put is: "Are you in fundamental sympathy with the general aims of what has been done by the present administration for art and the artist?" A number of NEW MASSES artists are among those signing the communication, including Rockwell Kent, Louis Lozowick, Adolf Dehn, William Gropper, Raphael Soyer, and J. J. Lankes.

The League of American Writers has established at its New York headquarters at 125 East 24th Street an agency for the placing of manuscripts with the labor press. Writers who wish to do such work, and publications which seek it are asked to communicate with Ellen Blake at League headquarters.

The first of a series of discussion meetings under the auspices of the Friends of the NEW MASSES will be held Wednesday, Sept. 30, under the leadership of Editor Joseph Freeman, who will talk on the position of the intellectual in the coming election. These meetings are open to the public and will be held in Room 717, Steinway Hall, 313 West 57th Street, N. Y. C., at 8:30 p.m.

Flashbacks

FOUR YEARS AGO (Sept. 27, 1932) the composer Pierre Degeyter died in St. Denis, working-class suburb of Paris. He had lived to see his composition, the "Internationale," become not only the battle hymn of the revolutionary working class, but the official national anthem of the first workers' state.... One hundred and eleven years

ago Daniel Shays, leader of the Massachusetts rebellion against oppressive taxes, died. The climax of Shays's uprising came on Jan. 25, 1787, when with 2000 followers he marched on the federal arsenal at Springfield, Mass. Troops under General Shepard engaged him and administered a defeat which dispersed his "Regulators" and broke the back of the rebellion.

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NEW MASSES
SEPTEMBER 29, 1936

Harvard's Tercentenary

The social sciences turn out to be the poor relations at the academic feast at Cambridge

By John Darrell

THE presentation of a "macroscope of human knowledge" has been the outstanding feature of the Harvard Tercentenary celebrations. The leading university in the United States collected a body of distinguished savants from all over the world to display for us the heritage of western culture. The way was open for the world's scientists, in convention assembled, not only to sum up but also to point the way, not only to review the remote past but also to look at the future. It is impossible not to catch a sense of the significance of the occasion from the reports in the daily press, where mathematical discoveries shared headlines with the Nazi circus at Nuremburg and the Maine elections.

And yet there were some glaring omissions in the range of invitations. Though Eastern scholars vied with Western, though Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy were well represented, not a single scientist from the U.S.S.R. was invited. Considering its scientific achievements in recent years, it could not be because its ranks were less distinguished than those of other countries. And the name most closely identified with modern science in the popular imagination was on the list of lectures only by conscious fraud. Einstein had declined to lecture as long as delegates from Nazi Germany were to be present at a cultural gathering, but the management, afraid of so glaring an omission, had registered his name only to announce a day or two before his lecture that Einstein was unable to come because of his wife's sickness.

In the sciences which are not so immediately connected with politics and economics, vast advances much too specialized for the layman to appreciate had been made. The extension of the theory of relativity to complex stars by the Italian Jewish scientist, Levi-Civita (who cannot be indifferent to the assault on Italian Jewry announced by the *Regima Fascista*); progress in the analysis of the atom by American, German, and Scandinavian physicists, spectacular developments in physiological chemistry, all these and more were offered to a gaping world. The German, Dr. Bergius, a Nobel laureate and the discoverer of an uneconomic method for extracting oil from coal which has vast military significance, described a complicated technique by which food can be extracted from sawdust. True, so far it is fit only for animals, but he indicated that the ingenuity of researchers will soon make it edible for human beings, and sawdust will in times of war provide, if not a food fit for kings, a regimen for the German worker that will at least sustain him in the manufacture of those guns which General Goering has declared to be more important than butter. It is already a far cry from "pure" science when Dr. Bergius confesses that the pressure for such researches comes from the wartime need for economic self-dependence. George Seldes was more prescient than he knew in entitling his biography of Mussolini *Sawdust Cæsar*.

William Sanderson

BUT IT WAS in the social sciences that the average man of intelligence expected to receive most enlightenment. Hitherto man has displayed greater resource in solving the problems of technology than those of controlling his social environment. At last, many hoped, the philosophers, historians, anthropologists, political scientists, economists, and sociologists would surely have something to offer us in our ignorance. And the titles of the three symposiums, "Factors Determining Human Behavior," "Authority of the Individual," "Independence, Convergence, and Borrowings in Institutions, Thought, and Art" were more than encouraging. For here the unity of western culture, for the first time since the Middle Ages, was being stressed as against the atomic interpretation all too current among the narrow specialists of provincial universities. And the lecturers were men of weight and solid learning not given to the puerilities of a Tugwell or the fantasies of a Stuart Chase. Expectations were universally high, save among the Harvard social scientists, many of whom were conspicuously absent. They knew that they would be confronted with another series of scholarly lectures in the standard academic tradition, and with "Har-

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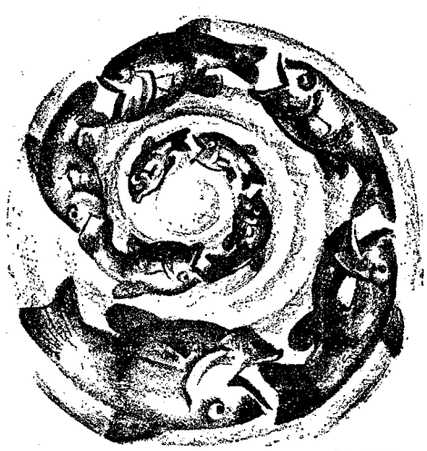
vard indifference" remained on farms in Vermont or New Hampshire, or prolonged their European vacations until after the close of the conference. Those who assisted approached the sessions with a cynicism which boded ill for the innocent outsiders, but which was all too fully justified. That is not to say that many informative papers on such subjects as "Jewish Folklore, East and West," "England and Europe in the Thirteenth Century," and "A Prehistorian's Interpretation of Diffusion" were not read. But as for our present discontents, our heartburnings about the failure of civilization to solve the elementary problems of economic and political insecurity, which were uppermost in the minds of their far-flung audience, the savants were as confused as we were.

TAKE the first symposium, on "Factors Controlling Human Behavior." It began with two straight papers by a physiologist and biochemist which were intelligible enough, but once out of these fields all elements of unity and coherence vanished. The three papers by the psychologists Janet, Piaget, and Jung had no relation to each other. Carnap, the logician, stressed the need for the application of scientific method to human relations, a cry resounding through the centuries from the dawn of the Renaissance. Lowell, the political scientist and president emeritus of Harvard University, his hands still dark with the blood of Sacco and Vanzetti, delivered a sermon on 1066 and After, disguised as "An Example from the Evidence of History." Empty generalities on how the British nation had survived, how the British Empire had been built up—but nothing about the millions impoverished by the Enclosure Movement and stunted by the Industrial Revolution—about India, the brightest gem in the British Crown. The star of the symposium was Bronislaus Malinowski, the Polish anthropologist who commutes between the Trobriand Islands and the London School of Economics. He entertained with a vivid account of how New York would appear to one of his Melanesians; he aroused our hopes when he asserted that, "Anthropology [I quote from the official records of University Hall] is the only social science which can easily remain detached from political bias, nationalist prejudice, sentiment, or doctrinaire zeal." Here was the lowdown at last. No crude fulminations against Bolshevism, only dispassionate objectivity. But the man who has done so much to spread "functional anthropology," who can look at a culture from the outside and not be contaminated, insinuates—as a neutral sciencist he cannot say it outright—that "all forms of communism turn men into slaves, serfs, or pawns." Well, we at least expected some reference to the regimentation of German labor, but in vain. "Culture as a Determinant of Human Behavior" gave Malinowski an opportunity to revive the old cliché that there is no conflict between true religion and science, to refer sneeringly to the gospel of Marx, and to make a plea for academic freedom which is all the more necessary now that Harvard professors have, in common with the humbler teachers of Massachusetts, to take oaths of loyalty to the constitutions of their country and their state.

THE SYMPOSIUM, "The Authority of the Individual," seemed nearer to our contemporary problems. There was more likelihood that our teachers would have to commit themselves to definite views. The first section of the symposium was a discussion of the "State and Economic Enterprise," in which it seemed that not to take a stand was an impossible task. Wesley Mitchell, in his lecture on "Intelligence and the Guidance of Economic Enterprise," made guarded allusions to the "great Soviet experiment" and to the mythical "corporative state," but again there was no positive interpretation of their lessons for the United States. With due reserve and caution it was admitted that "it will not be surprising if investors in great industries, threatened with loss by technological progress, organize campaigns for government purchase and operation. He concluded with a plea for setting up a National Planning Board to collect information and to "study" planning projects. The net outcome of it all was that the infusion of a large measure of intelligence into our public policy is "our best chance of avoiding a dictatorship of some sort, with its compulsory regimentation of our lives." Which is no doubt all very elevating, but hardly as precise as one would expect from the reputedly most exact practitioner of the most exact of the social sciences. Mr. Robertson of Cambridge, England, chose as his theme, "The State and Economic Fluctuations," a subject to which he has made important empirical and theoretical contributions in the past. He it was who introduced the vogue of quoting Lewis Carroll to shed light on the more abstract parts of the theory of money, to the delight of generations of first-year students, and to the edification of the notoriously illiterate professional economists. But again Mr. Robertson came more as a seeker after knowledge than as an instructor; he was still unable to find out what actually happened in the United States in 1928-29. It might not be amiss to refer him to an easily accessible prediction of the trend of events before the Great Crisis, made by the Communist International, which has the advantage both of not being vague and of being capable of proof or disproof. The economists' field day was completed by Professors Copland of Australia and Rappard of Geneva. Professor Copland gave instances from his own country to show that the state has more and more to take over the role of the classical capitalist entrepreneur, particularly during depressions, when state action is necessary to prevent many entrepreneurs from being bankrupted. The conclusion is not that the state should take over the function of the entrepreneurs to prevent depressions, for the state, in contradistinction to the entrepreneur, is a "bad loser," and the preservation of entrepreneurs who can never incur losses yields "the best of both worlds"—to the entrepreneurs. This typically British solution is admitted by its author to be illogical. It was this lack of logic which enabled Australia to recover from its severe financial and economic crisis with the kindly advice of Sir Otto Niemeyer of the Bank of England and Professor Copland, so as to give the Australian entrepreneur the chance to show once more those "qualities of judgment and foresight" which had landed him and the Australian people in the trough of the depression. Professor Rappard's talk on "Economic Nationalism" was inspired by the somber pessimism which is inescapable in the inspissated gloom of Lake Geneva. He was one of the few social scientists who referred at length to the threatening catastrophe. But how to avert it? "Alarm is the only alternative to despair, because an alarmed, eleventh-hour conversion to more liberalism and to more humanity in international relations is, as I see it, the only alternative to impending catastrophe."



Jim Kelly

AFTER ALL, economics has not been the most fertile of sciences, and one publicist has even dubbed the economists the laughing-stock of the world; maybe the historians, political scientists, and sociologists might still retrieve the day. The second section of the symposium on authority and the individual, "Stability and Social Change," had a most promising title, which suggested an analysis of wars and revolutions. Professor Dewey introduced the symposium by foretelling the impending struggle between fascism and democracy in the United States, and proclaiming his position on the side of free institutions. Professor Clapham of Cambridge, England, took as his subject "Conservative Factors in Recent British History." As the author of an *Economic History of Modern Britain,* an extremely learned and equally dull compendium of unintegrated data, he could at least throw us a bundle of facts about such great deviations from stability as the trade-union upsurge of the nineties and the general strike of 1926. Instead, only a few loose observations about religion and the education of Labor Party leaders in Public Schools and the ancient Universities, and not a single reference to the general strike. Engels and Marx are mentioned only to be dismissed as "biased" and therefore not worthy of the consideration of the august components

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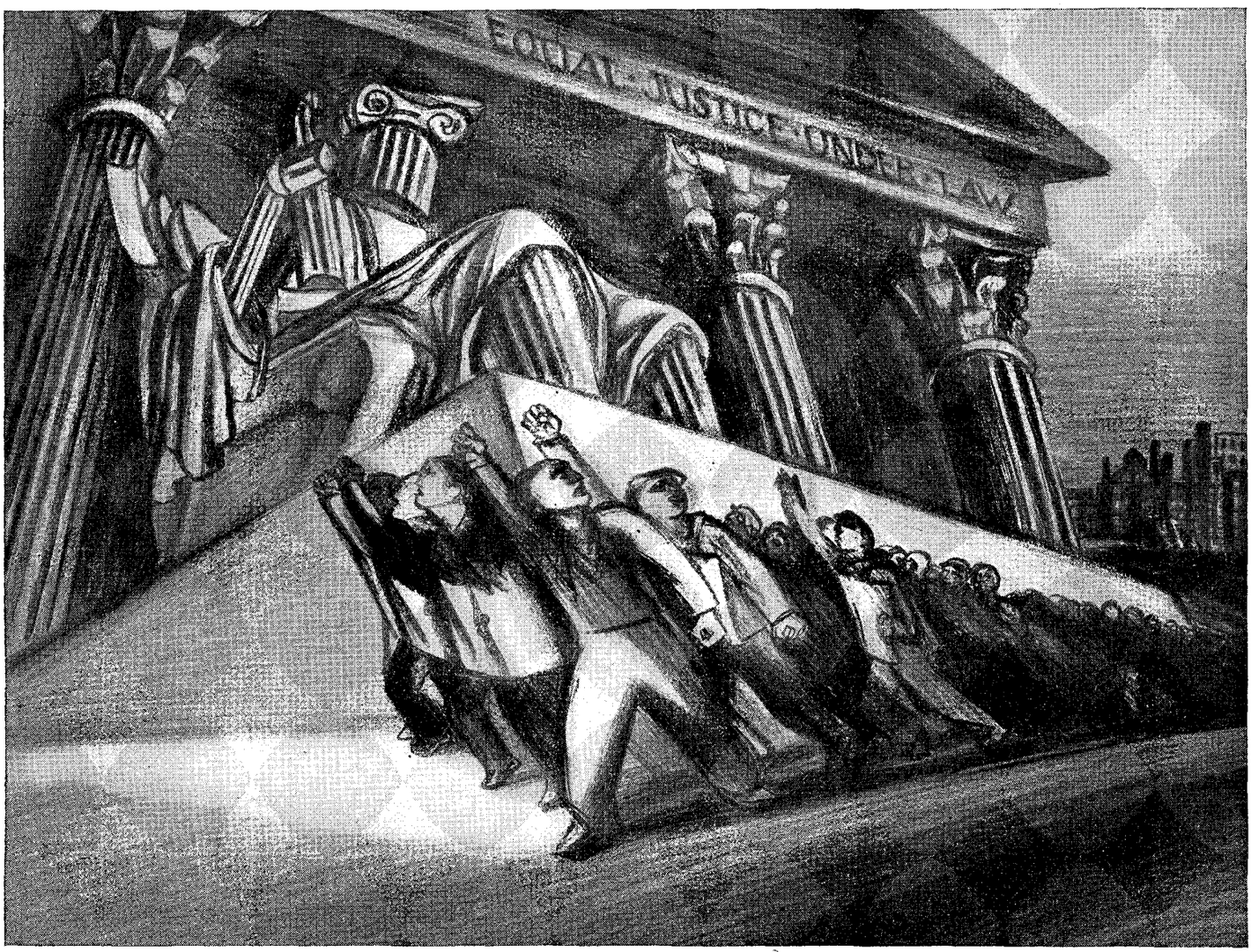

We, the People!

of the macroscope. Professor MacIver of Columbia—the Canute of sociology—strongly opposed the organic unity of the social and cultural systems, and Professor Andrews removed many misconceptions on seventeenth-century American history in his lecture, "Conservative Factors in Early Colonial History." But the chef d'œuvre of this section was Professor Corrado Gini's address "Authority and the Individual During the Different Stages of Evolution of the Nations." Here all pretense at impartiality was dropped. Gini, an Italian Fascist, made no bones about the decadence of liberalism and the superiority of the "corporative state." We were beginning to understand now why no scientists *ex partibus infidelium* were invited! The nakedness of our social sciences would have been all the more exposed had we heard something of the work of our Soviet confrères. No wonder Harvard itself could show only ennui for the current milk-and-water liberalism which prevailed with the honorable exceptions of Dewey and Corwin. Professor Corwin, a jurist and author of the stimulating book, *The Twilight of the Supreme Court,* was incisive in his talk, "Aspects of Constitutionalism." The power of judicial review, so often abused by the Supreme Court, was unequivocally condemned. Here at last was a liberal who had not lost all fight, who was not afraid of committing himself without making the qualifications and reservations which make so many liberals ineffectual.

BY THE THIRD DAY it was clear that the performances of the first two days were to be repeated *ad nauseam*. "Authority and the Individual," apart from Professor Corwin, petered out in lectures on the "Place and Functions of Authority" and "Classicism and Romanticism," with literary lectures in the worst tradition of professorial literary appreciation. In the sphere of the arts, the rational-critical approach was preserved, and not a single creative writer, artist, or musician was invited to disturb the even tenor of the proceedings.

The last symposium on the social sciences had the most grandiose title of all: "Independence, Convergence, and Borrowing in Institutions, Thought, and Art." Hope had not yet given way to blind despair. For how could significant generalizations relating to the impingement of the cultures of conquering people on the conquered be avoided? How could the ticklish problem of the relations of eastern and western civilizations be handled without the shedding of light on, say, Pacific problems? To our astonishment, the trick was done. Again valuable contributions to our knowledge of prehistoric and the ancient and medieval worlds. These, after all, have their place, because all knowledge is virtue. But Buddhist monasteries, the Indianization of China and Japan are safe subjects for the political scientist. Japan has presented to Harvard as a monument of Japanese imperialism a delicately carved animal which now faces Boylston Hall, the Harvard center for the study of Chinese culture.

LET IT NOT be said that these students of society are not erudite, original, and informed. They would be an ornament to Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon, the prison constructed on scientific principles for a Utilitarian community. They would grace the temple of Janus, which no doubt Mussolini will restore. But in a world where armaments in shipment are labeled "fragile, to be handled with care," they would not be missed.

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Spain's War Economy

Running the affairs of a nation at war is not child's play, especially when full cooperation by business is lacking, yet the young government in Madrid has not only restored a state of normalcy, but improved on it

By James Hawthorne

ON THE whole, life in Madrid pursues its normal course. For citizens not enrolled in the militia or connected branches, the daily work and the daily amusements are the same. Cafés are as numerous and crowded as ever. The movies have Shirley Temple talking Spanish. There was a bull fight Sunday with a new Republican atmosphere. Señoritas still advertise in the *Liberal* that they will rent a room to a caballero. And you have to buy your way into your own house at night by clapping for the watchman, just as you did before the coup.

The maintenance of normal activities in the midst of a war situation is a marvel of organization. Food, lodging, and clothing have to be provided for thousands of persons who formerly looked after their own wants. Hospitals have to be created and equipped. Food and munitions must be moved to the front. The ordinary machinery of government is wholly inadequate to meet such new needs. The situation has been met by authorizing organizations composing the People's Front to take "control," without confiscation, of most eating and lodging places, and of all large hotels. Buildings which can be of social use in this crisis have been provisionally taken over. Militiamen are given vouchers (*vales*) for food, clothing, lodging, etc. They eat, in many cases, in *cantinas* set up in the buildings taken over for war purposes. As there are thousands from all over the country, however, they overflow, along with workers from attached industries, into all the little restaurants and boarding houses of the city. Proprietors present their vouchers to the respective government committees for payment in currency. With the actual functioning of the economic and socio-military machinery due to the initiative of various independent organizations, one might expect to find a good deal of overlapping and confusion in settling the vouchers. That this has not been the case is due to careful planning and firm discipline.

In Madrid, for example, integration has been obtained by placing delegates from workers' organizations in the official or government committees. Accordingly, there is something in the nature of a budget prepared, and each organization obtains its quota of *vales*. Certain groups, especially those of anarchist tendencies, attempted to establish themselves as independent authorities in the first days of defense organization. Their vouchers were dis-

Dan Rico

authorized, and at length, with the cooperation of the highest organs of anarcho-syndicalism, all private initiative in accumulation and distribution of provisions was banned. Incidentally, independent searches and seizures were forbidden under penalty of death. Proprietors were authorized to call police and militia against activities of that nature. Now organizations issue vouchers already properly signed by the official committees and countersigned by the organization. As the government has intervened in all Spanish banks (without prejudice to ownership), there is no danger of voucher payment being blocked from that source. A great part of normal currency circulation is now eliminated by vouchers.

THE GOVERNMENT'S own activities are far greater than they were before the July coup forced the arming of the people. Numerous committees of primary importance are attached to the various ministries. Add, then, the governmental and semi-governmental functions of People's Front Committees and bodies created by special decrees, and you have the makings of a Chinese puzzle. It has, moreover, a quality lacking in the best artificially constructed brain-teaser: its relations are constantly changing because it is in the process of development. Any attempt to follow the decrees of the government or the decisions of ministerial committees, at this time, brings us inevitably into the suburbs of the People's Front with its winding, unmapped streets. One concrete example: the task of mobilizing provisions for the front and for the rear guard. The War Department certainly has a deep interest in this, but it likewise invades the province of the Ministry of Industry and Commerce. However, these two Ministries combined cannot begin to do the job; they can at best provide norms for its organization. They therefore issue general instructions, and People's Front committees, municipal governments, trade-union committees, peasant conferences, and commissions representing the political parties of the People's Front, act according to their circumstances. "The government cannot be everywhere like the air," but the people can; supplies flow abundantly through all ordinary channels and many extraordinary ones. The further coördination of these activities, of all this flow of energy from the untapped reservoirs of the masses' will to create, requires a new system of control likewise rooted deeply in the people. Accordingly, the government calls upon the National Committee of Women Against War and Fascism to aid in running this basic national business. A Feminine Aid Committee, attached to the two previously mentioned Ministries, arises, and Communist Deputy Dolores Ibarruri, the beloved Passionaria, has another job to increase her sleepless nights.

The ministries themselves carry on feverish activity, and it is from the ministries that we should have, in any case, to trace the strange pattern of a future society. The examination of even a single ministry in its entirety would be too much for this brief space. Let us, therefore, follow the work of one important committee attached to the Ministry of Industry and Commerce.

The Intervention Committee is blended with the Council to Regulate National Economy. Secretary de Benito is the man who can tell us most about that extensive part of the nation's industry under the direct supervision of the government. He has readily responded, from time to time, to requests for information. From his patient explanations we can now piece together the work of supervising a country's basic production.

The Intervention Committee controls all factories, shops, and stores needed for the provisioning of the population, for purposes of military import, and for civil-military health ends, with particular attention to hospitals. At this moment automobile repairing has assumed such significance that the committee controls ninety such shops. Under its wing are all electro-mechanical plants, all metal manufacturing and warehouses connected therewith, war materials, the chemical industry and pharmaceuticals, coal, sugar, flour, wood, and so on.

Some industries are supervised (*intervenidos*) and others taken over (*incautados*) by various organizations, usually the trade unions. Taking over, attachment, is practised only when the owner or operator is absent, i.e., has abandoned the plant. This means, of course,

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when he is a fascist who fled abroad or to Burgos, or buried himself in a Madrid cellar. The owners or operators may, if they do not wish to accept government supervision, cede the plant, provided the gift be approved by the Intervention Committee. In this, or any other case of attachment, the *workers of the attached industry, factory, or store, irrespective of their political and trade-union affiliations, form a single collective, which, through the agency of an elected delegate, participates in the management of the business.* The Intervention Committee takes care of the necessary negotiations and places a technician drawn from the General Management of Industry section at the head of the plant or industry.

The engineers of the General Management of Industry carry a tremendous burden. A single technician may have as many as thirty plants under inspection, and, despite the health-destroying detail, manage them perfectly. Incidentally, it is certainly to the credit of the People's Front that so large a proportion of the technicians have remained to fight fascism and to carry on the democratic revolution.

Most industries are supervised, not taken over. The proprietor remains in charge of the business, although he is not at liberty to sell, mortgage, transfer, or pledge the property in any form or for any purpose, without the express authorization of the Committee. The owner pays wages (for which purpose he is authorized to withdraw the necessary sums from the bank), and the business otherwise goes on normally, except that the needs of the moment give it a faster rhythm.

THUS FAR the banks, under government supervision, have given all the credit required by industrialists, even when their accounts were exhausted. The government does not expect to have to go further than supervision, although it points out that the rebels, in Burgos, have not hesitated to confiscate all monetary stocks in the banks. Even in Catalonia, whose advanced industrial development makes the economic coördination of war-revolution days more difficult than that of Madrid, there has been no effort to do more than assure the flow of credit and the smooth operation of industry. The Catalonian government's control of the Bank of Spain's branches in the region was established in an effort to get rid of some of the delays and difficulties that arise when distant Madrid must be consulted.

The workers' organizations have borne the brunt of the labor imposed by the new situation. Volunteering overtime, working Saturdays and Sundays for the benefit of the Red Aid, they have established themselves as the Rear Guard Militia, a worthy complement of their brothers in the front lines. Indeed, many had to be restrained from volunteering; the industry of the nation would have been promptly wrecked had the workers been permitted to retain the proportion of defense duty they assumed in the first days.

Supervised industries were chiefly in Madrid (and Barcelona, under provincial or regional control) at first, but the system is spreading. There are some in Toledo and in Malaga. In fact, the president of the Committee, Señor Marial, has made several trips recently for the purpose of extending its operations. He has not halted for a moment in his taxing labor, not even when he received notice of the death of a near relative at the hands of the fascists.

Differences arising between various organisms, inevitable in view of the speed with which they were formed and forced to meet new needs, have occasioned no insoluble difficulties. The Intervention Committee operates in connection with the General Management of Industry, the General Management of Trade, and the National Transportation Committee, all in the same ministry. The first has charge of the technical direction of the factories and with supplying their raw materials; the second is the central authority for provisions of all kinds; the third, whose function is obvious, orders supplies from the Intervention Committee. In the same way, the latter provides the War Department with the materials it orders, dealing separately with aviation and the quartermaster's department. *One new plane and 600 to 850 bombs per day are delivered.*

Relations between the Committee and the City Government have been varied, the City appearing at times as consumer and at times in the role of employer. For example, the Committee took part in the attachment of the Madrid tramways, and at the same time it supplies the city with food. In the tramway affair a meeting was called which representatives of the city, a very few stockholders, and others attended. By majority vote it was determined to cede the enterprise to the workers, who placed the technical operation in the hands of the Committee. Similar consequences have followed in other plants whose boards of directors have fled Madrid.

The list of supervised factories and shops is very extensive. In addition to the ninety automobile repair shops previously mentioned, sixty bed and bedding stores, thirty-

Picken

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three radio parts and accessories stores, thirty shops making surgical instruments, about thirty automobile parts stores, twenty-three of silverware and jewelry, some sixty chemical and pharmaceutical laboratories, twenty newspapers and magazines (with respect to consumption of paper), some ten plants making metal beds and springs, forty-one coal yards, seven raw metal warehouses, eight cartridge and fuse factories, six disinfectant makers, and various wood suppliers.

Among the important plants supervised are La Marañosa, the Union Española de Explosivos, the Cartridge Factory of Toledo as well as the bayonet and saber plant there; the Sociedad Española de Armamentos y Municiones at Madrid; La Hispano, at Guadalajara; a number of sugar mills; la Electromecánico at Getafe (auxiliary to aviation); a railway coach factory; paper warehouses; paper mills; garages and greasing stations; cable and rope stores; Sociedad de Montajes Industriales (gun-carriages); and the Aeronautic Construction Company.

In the management of this complex concern, technicians and workers, political parties and trade unions, Republicans and Marxists, are coöperating. Rapidly the workers are acquiring confidence in their ability to get along without reactionary employers and brutal exploitation, and with the same speed the technicians and democrats are losing their fear of mass participation in political and economic life. The technical adjustment marked by the work of such organisms as the Intervention Committee is accompanied by a corresponding social adjustment. The successful organization of the national economy in a two-month period, made possible by this adjustment, has already brought production and distribution to a higher and more efficient level than in the days of "law and order."

On Our Own Legs!

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Covering the News

Covering the events of the week ending September 21

ELECTIONS in Maine proved of small value in shedding light on the political drift of the country. Except at Democratic headquarters it was a foregone conclusion that the state would go Republican, that the Dutch would take Holland. Chief interest lay in the majorities attained by the G.O.P. in the race for senator, governor, and representatives, since a 65 percent Republican vote is generally conceded to herald a Republican victory throughout the nation. In no one instance was this percentage attained. Complicating matters for the prophetic was the fact that the New Deal was hardly an issue in the major battle, in which Republican Candidate White defeated Governor Brann for United States Senator. Those Republicans who insist it was an issue have small reason to crow over their victory, since Brann campaigned as a bitter anti-New Dealer, while White's record in the Senate includes endorsement of several leading New Deal measures, including the Republican-hated Wagner Labor Relations Act. Consensus among veteran commentators: as Maine goes, so goes Maine.

Primaries elsewhere, however, indicated that the election will be closer than Mr. Farley would care to admit. Massachusetts showed a strong insurgent Democratic faction ready to combat the Curley machine, with the possible result of handing the election to the more unified Republican ticket. Michigan defeated Senator Couzens, liberal Republican who had announced his support of the New Deal, and piled up a menacingly large vote for Louis B. Ward, lobbyist for Father Coughlin. Ward lost the Democratic nomination for Senator by a narrow margin to Roosevelt's candidate, Prentiss M. Brown. And Tammany Hall demonstrated renewed strength in New York City by trouncing Governor Lehman's choice for a vacancy on the Supreme Court bench.

THE President's quietly skillful, "non-political" campaign continued unruffled until the end of the week, when he abandoned his calm for a moment to turn wrathfully on William Randolph Hearst. He had invited, first, a group of insurance company executives to the White House and carefully pointed out, according to one of them, how various federal lending agencies "were helpful to the companies." He had painted a glowing picture of "returning prosperity" to the 1936 Mobilization for Human Needs. He had arranged a conference between his power authorities and the representatives of private utility interests—including Owen D. Young of General Electric and Russell C. Leffingwell of J. P. Morgan & Co.—to work out a system of "coöperative pooling of power facilities" between government projects and private companies. The Democratic New York *Times* offered the opinion that the President, "aware that business men generally sympathize with their hard-pressed utility brethren," is making "a genuine effort at conciliation."

After a week of such activities, the President might well have been galled at the malicious attempts of Hearst to link his New Deal with the Communist Party—or perhaps it was to emphasize his cordiality toward business interests that Roosevelt chose this particular moment to spike the Hearst guns. Whatever the immediate cause, Secretary Stephen Early, speaking for the President, denounced the "planned attempt led by a certain notorious newspaper owner to make it appear that the President passively accepts the support of alien organizations hostile to the American form of government." And he expressed the belief that "The American people will not permit their attention to be diverted from real issues to false issues which no patriotic, honorable, decent citizen would purposely inject into American affairs."

Replying from Amsterdam, Hearst reiterated his fantastic charges and listed as Roosevelt supporters "the Karl Marx Socialists, the Frankfurter radicals, Communists, and Anarchists, the Tugwell Bolsheviks and the Richberg revolutionaries." He intimated that Roosevelt was "a shifty, prevaricating politician."

IF Roosevelt was outraged at the attempted New Deal-Communist linking, his indignation was mild compared with that of the Communists. "The dots of omission in the Hearstian misquotation speak for themselves," said the *Daily Worker*. "They are the weapons of a desperate man, using such words as serve his papers in deliberately distorting what has been said. By such a method, there is not a man in America who could not be convicted of murder, rape, or any other crime. Such have always been the methods of liars and charlatans, at the head of which class stands William Randolph Hearst." Earl Browder remarked, "It is no longer news that Hearst is a liar."

Candidate Browder, just returned from a tour through the Democratic South, had good reason to resent a tieup between his party and that of the President. Barred from speaking in Tampa, Florida, he had appealed in vain for federal support of his constitutional right of free speech, although he did get a promise of an eventual investigation by the La Follette committee. He was told in Tampa that the locking up of the building in which he had been scheduled to speak was due to a "misunderstanding." But it has since been learned that while he was in the police station asking for action, Police Chief C. J. Woodruff and his men were sitting in a car from which they could see the hall, waiting for trouble.

In Democratic Alabama Browder had paid a visit to the Scottsboro boys, locked in solitary confinement since last February, and to Jack Barton, who is in jail pending appeal of a sentence of 380 days on the chain gang for the mere possession of "radical literature." Browder described Barton's cell as "a pest hole too dreadful to be termed a dungeon."

AGAINST the black Democratic reaction of the South, Republican California afforded ample balance for the week. Four thousand lettuce workers of Salinas Valley, in a strike supported by the California State Federation of Labor and virtually forced by a lockout threat, found themselves bucking 1500 armed men, mobilized by the sheriff under a law designed ostensibly to afford quick manpower in cases of natural catastrophe, such as fire, earthquake, and flood. Men called on to "volunteer" for such service are liable to arrest on misdemeanor charges if they refuse.

The terror employed by the vigilantes and "volunteers," including shooting, the use of tear gas, and beatings—administered with hickory clubs made by children in the high-school workshops—was so great that strike leaders had to warn their pickets not to appear in the streets. Governor Merriam, not content with the army of hired thugs, made available the state highway police as mobile storm troops and threatened to send in the National Guard.

Two other strikes of major importance centered about New York. Shipyard workers of that city adopted the increasingly popular French strategy of the sit-down strike. After the United Shipbuilders Co. of Staten Island refused to observe the terms of a contract with its workers, the men sat down on the job and prevented the launching of a United States warship. The entire yard was tied up as 1500 men faced a lockout.

Upstate farmers set September 24 for the beginning of a milk holiday. Nearly ruined by the higher cost of feed and the havoc of the drought, the farmers demanded a flat rate of three dollars a hundred pounds for their milk, regardless of the use to which it was put. Strong consumer pressure, exercised chiefly through the Consumers Union, forced Borden and Sheffield to retract last week's one-cent increase in price.

More significant than immediate strike situations during the week were the actions taken by major labor bodies in connection with the C.I.O. The conservative International Typographical Union, meeting at Colorado Springs, was the first international union to ratify the C.I.O.'s action in conducting a vigorous unionization drive without A.F. of L. backing. Despite pleas by William Green and Frank Morrison, the printers decided to make financial support to the C.I.O. the subject of a referendum in the local unions.

The New Jersey and Illinois State Federations of Labor sidestepped the C.I.O. issue,

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but the United Textile Workers, already expelled from the A.F. of L., reiterated its stand for the C.I.O., and the militant United Rubber Workers voted to contribute $500 a month to the Lewis organization. The Rubber Workers included the Communist Party in a list of organizations working to increase the social and economic security of American workers.

WHILE Governor Landon continued his efforts to convince the innocent that he is a friend of labor, his running-mate Knox plunged into the Seattle Guild strike situation and took a forthright stand for his old boss William Randolph Hearst. Attacking Governor Clarence D. Martin, who refused to use state forces to crush the strike against Hearst's Seattle *Post-Intelligencer,* Knox urged support of the Republican candidate as one who "will guarantee you a government that will not submit to coercion from any source."

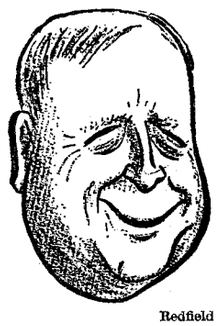
Landon himself continued to attract reactionaries of all descriptions. He entertained Senator Rush D. Holt, keynoter at Father Coughlin's convention, and received intimations of his support. Said Elinore M. Herrick, state campaign director of the American Labor Party, "the blossoming friendship between Senator Rush D. Holt and Governor Landon is another proof that those who are opposed to labor generally find each other's company very congenial." And to Dr. Frank Buchman, head of the "Oxford Movement," who only a few weeks ago sighed, "I thank heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler," Governor Landon said: "I wish that I might have a longer time in Pittsfield, because your town has become the permanent center of the Oxford Movement."

Governor Landon's major support, the American Liberty League, denounced Roosevelt for "an effort to stir up class warfare." "Dictatorships," warned the League, "are based upon class hatreds and class-seeking for power—Communist in Russia, Fascist in Italy, Nazi in Germany." The day after this solemn warning by the Liberty League, the final report of the Senate munitions committee was published. It contained, among other data, the information that the Liberty League du Ponts own 7.98 percent of the voting stock of the Dynamit Actien-Gesellschaft, a holding company for the munitions firms that rearmed Nazi Germany. The report also revealed that the du Ponts once entered into negotiations with an international spy to aid Hitler's rearming in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. Addressing the Veterans of Foreign Wars on the same day, Major General Smedley D. Butler, U.S.M.C. (retired) declared, "Soldiers never leave this country except to protect the moneyed interests."

IN HIS speech before the Good Neighbor League, Secretary Hull made it plain that the State Department does not contemplate a greater measure of coöperation with the nations that are seeking to preserve peace through collective security. The Kellogg-Briand Anti-War Pact, he said, "has been greatly impaired" as a basis for international trust since "strong nations have chosen to proceed in disregard of that agreement." Mr. Hull did not suggest that the failure of the United States and France to force observance of the pact through active and joint pressure in that direction had rendered it ineffectual. Since he did not recognize this as the fundamental cause underlying the breakdown of existing peace machinery, the Secretary could offer no more constructive a proposal than the wish that foreign statesmen "continue their efforts to effect security by new agreements which will prove more durable than those that have been broken."

Secretary Hull sought to justify the State Department's blockade against the Spanish government as a necessary measure to preserve peace. He did not say how the conquest of Republican Spain by the Hitlerite rebels could be a factor for world peace. And that conquest during the week continued to grow less remote, as the embargo on supplies to the government remained in force while military aid from Germany and Italy on a major scale enabled General Franco to continue his advance on Madrid from a southwesterly direction. A New York *Times* correspondent behind the fascist lines reported the discovery of an entire air base at Caceres composed of German planes, piloted by German aviators acting under a German commander. The correspondent cabled: "This is an amazing international situation, for foreign airmen are literally winning for one side in the Spanish uprising." Frank L. Kluckhohn cabled the same newspaper from Lisbon: "The insurgent military forces are getting all the supplies they need from Portugal." From Barcelona it was reported that an Italian air fleet has occupied the island of Majorca and that Italian officers have assumed governmental functions on that island. And Portugal's foreign minister, Armindo Monteiro, went so far as to hint that if the fascists are defeated, there may be war between Spain and Portugal.

CONTINUED disclosures of German and Italian intervention are convincing Frenchmen that the Communists are right in charging that Premier Blum's blockade against Madrid is practically equivalent to intervention on behalf of the fascists. To Blum's contention that the issue before France is one of neutrality or war, the Communists point out that normal commercial relations with a legal government are in no sense a warlike act but fully in accord with international law. They charge that the fascist powers have always sought to intimidate the peace forces by making war appear as the only alternative to capitulation before the fascists.



Redfield

The Rightist press in Paris upbraided the Communists during the week for criticizing the Blum government and pointed out that the Soviet Union had agreed to the non-intervention proposal. This strategy drew a broadside from *L'Humanité,* which pictured what the consequences would have been had the Soviet Union refused to accept the French proposal. "This would have given the fascist states the pretty role of accepting the French proposal—without of course discontinuing their shipments of arms to the rebels. That is what the fascists hoped for. It would have offered the occasion for the whole world to mobilize against the Soviet Union and Spain. It would have meant the isolation of the Soviet Union, friend of France."

The aftermath of the Nuremberg Congress turned out to be less than the Nazis had hoped for. Thwarting Hitler's chief aim—to divorce the Soviet Union from European diplomacy—France replied to the Nuremberg orgy by reaffirming its loyalty to the Franco-Soviet mutual assistance pact. And so wary have British Conservatives become of Hitler's territorial ambitions that the London *Times* has completely repudiated its former pro-German stand. In Poland, pro-government newspapers viewed the anti-Bolshevist tirades as preliminary to German aggression in eastern Europe and rejoiced in the achievement of a Franco-Polish rapprochement. Some indication of the temper of the Polish countryside may be gleaned from the following cabled message: "Five peasants and a policeman were killed today in the village of Zuki when peasants attacked investigators attempting to search for Communist agitators."

THE world's most acute war spot shifted suddenly during the week from Europe to the Far East. Hardly had Foreign Minister Arita made it known that he would peacefully negotiate with Nanking his government's claims in the death of four Japanese in China than the Japanese Admiralty dispatched a fleet of destroyers to the Asiatic mainland with expeditionary forces aboard. The naval move is viewed as a bold gesture designed to force the Nanking government to submit to Tokyo's demands, which include suppression of anti-Japanese agitation in China and the dissolution of portions of the Kuomintang Party, as well as the yielding of Chinese sovereignty throughout vast areas.

Such is the intensity of the popular anti-Japanese movement, in north China as well as in the south, that the Nanking government can yield to Japanese pressure only at the risk of losing its dominant position in Chinese politics. Chiang Kai-shek now has unity in China and must either fight Japan or bring down upon himself the wrath of an aroused people, including his own Kuomintang followers.

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Doubting Thomas

The leading Socialist wants a farmer-labor party "only if," doesn't believe the Liberty Leaguers seek fascism, regards socialism as the burning issue

By M. R. Bendiner

IN a few weeks some 40,000,000 people will go to the polls. Of the 40,000,000 votes they cast, it is very questionable whether Norman Thomas and Earl Browder together will get as many as one million between them, but for the sake of argument let us assume they will. At least a third of these million votes—certainly of the Socialist ballots — will be cast by people who are not Marxists but who wish to register a protest against the old parties and are impressed with the personal qualities of Thomas or Browder. This leaves a core, then, of some 600,000 who will vote Socialist or Communist either as members of one of those parties or as sympathizers. Consciously or not, it is to these 600,000 persons—one out of every seventy voters—that Norman Thomas's new book* is addressed.

Thomas himself, in a preface, ventures the hope that what he has written "is not, in the customary use of the words, a campaign document." The hope is amply fulfilled. For while the book outlines the position of the Socialist Party in the election year 1936, while it deals with important aspects of the campaign, it blandly—or blindly—ignores the temper of close to 99 percent of the country's voting strength. It misses the central issue entirely.

Norman Thomas wants a socialized America, and this is the theme of his book. Surely no Communist wants less than that. But it is high time that the Socialists appreciated the simple truth that now, in 1936, Americans are not ready for either socialism or communism. Sixty-nine out of every seventy voters have a completely different notion of what is at stake in the campaign.

The Communists understand this clearly. "Between the two major parties, 'socialism' is not an issue, but merely a demagogic war-cry of reaction," declared Earl Browder at the Party's ninth convention in June. And he continued:

> For the broad masses also, socialism is not the issue today, but rather the issue is, whether to move on the reactionary road toward fascism, or to struggle to maintain democratic rights, living standards, and peace.

This is simple common sense. It does not mean that the Communists have abandoned the revolution. No Communist fails to insist that the only final guarantee of peace and democracy lies in the abolition of capitalism. It does mean that Communists repudiate revolution over coffee cups, that they are vitally

concerned with addressing the masses of American people instead of each other, that they are determined, sincerely and vigilantly, to prepare those masses for the approaching struggle against reaction.

The Socialist Party is not yet ready to rise from the coffee table, to abandon its prolonged and pleasant game of chess. To Norman Thomas, presidential candidate in 1936, "the issue is revolutionary." There can be no compromise. He is for a farmer-labor party, yes, but it must be "the right sort of farmer-labor party." This phrase with variations occurs again and again: a "farmer-labor party worth our support," "a good party," "a farmer-labor party on a nation-wide scale"—anything, in fact, but what in Thomas's eyes, actually exists. This passion for purity, this haughty demand for perfection, is a quixotic flight from reality. No farmer-labor party, he insists, can move toward a coöperative commonwealth without socialistic guidance, and he will not work with a farmer-labor party until it *is* ready to move toward a coöperative commonwealth. It's all a good deal like the Butterscotchmen in Charles Carryl's story who couldn't get hot without running and couldn't run unless they were hot.

Thomas's devotion to the revolution, however sectarian, would still lend his preachings an evangelistic and an educative value which might justify them if they did not serve to obscure a grave issue, if they did stuff the ears of his audience to the immediate call to action. For while only one out of seventy voters is interested in the distinctions between Socialist and Communist strategy—distinctions which Spaniards have found melt away in the heat of struggle—there is a swiftly mounting discontent among America's masses. The danger is that these swift currents are being diverted into fascist channels, and, with the flood imminent, it would be disastrous to wait until the long-time, revolutionary indoctrination of the masses with Marxist principles is completed. The dike must be built with the materials at hand—the democratic tradition of the people and the repugnance which all workers must feel for fascism when they have the light to see it for what it is and the freedom to fight it through their united strength. But to Mr. Thomas

> our fundamental task is not to unite Socialists, Communists, and what we would call progressives . . . in one anti-fascist bloc. All of us together are, alas, too few. Our task is to convert enough of our people to the real but less obvious danger from fascism in America, and the tactics must be different.

Because he cannot build the dike with the granite of Marxism, Thomas would for the present leave it unbuilt and gamble against disaster.

Though Thomas finds the "probable answer" to his title question to be: "After the New Deal: Fascism," he remains unimpressed with the urgency of the situation. Despite the Black Legion with its undisputed grip on Michigan politics, despite Lemke's Hitlerite program, despite the anti-Semitic, Red-baiting antics of Father Coughlin, the ominous rumblings of Gerald K. Smith, the alarmingly growing use of martial law in labor situations such as that invoked by Governor McNutt of Indiana for months on end, despite the Hearst press's hysteric and unceasing incitement to war against every progressive element in the country, despite terrorism and espionage on a grand scale in industry—despite the presence of all these indispensable ingredients of fascism, Norman Thomas still believes that there is time to forestall the evil hour by a "concerted effort to build the coöperative commonwealth." And out of every seventy voters, sixty-nine have no idea what he is talking about.

WHEN Communists speak of Landon and the Liberty League as fascist, Norman Thomas believes they are talking nonsense. From what quarter, then, does he expect the fascist menace? From the Coughlins, the Gerald Smiths, the Dr. Townsends. "The American Liberty League," he says, "would regard Mussolini's

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* AFTER THE NEW DEAL—WHAT? *The Macmillan Co.* $2.00.

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early proposals or parts of the original Nazi platform as almost as bad as socialism itself."

To argue in this way is to overlook entirely the nature of fascism as the last weapon consciously wielded by a decaying capitalism. Surely Norman Thomas is not taken in by the "radical" promises of Mussolini and Hitler. Surely he realizes that, however much the Liberty League might prefer a return to the days of Coolidge to a more regimented life under an American Hitler, it would prefer the latter to a collectivized society. And that faced with the alternative, it would not hesitate to finance it and bring it to triumph. America's dictator will not come to power on his own steam—any more than Hitler took Berlin without the backing of Thyssen. He will enter when entrenched wealth gives him the cue—and the wherewithal.

The question then arises: who is the more likely agent of those forces which can give fascism its necessary motive power—Landon or Roosevelt? One look at those who would put Landon in office should suffice. Last week a list of contributors to the Republican campaign in Maine was made public. Five thousand or more came from Lammot du Pont, Irenée du Pont, E. F. Hutton, and J. Howard Pew, among others. Other organizations to which these gentlemen contribute, as revealed by the Black Committee, are as follows: Lammot du Pont, to the Crusaders, American Liberty League, Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution; Irenée du Pont, to the Crusaders, Sentinels of the Republic, American Liberty League, Minute Men and Women of Today, Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution; E. F. Hutton, to the Crusaders and American Liberty League; J. Howard Pew, to the Crusaders, Sentinels of the Republic, and American Liberty League. Though Norman Thomas does not see the Liberty League as a fascist threat, practically all its major contributors, 100 percent for Landon, are likewise contributors to these reactionary and semi-fascist organizations. These are the people who, with William Randolph Hearst, will pick America's Hitler when the time comes.

Lady W. Milius

But the time will not come, says Norman Thomas, until the United States is "caught again in a war or plunged into new and more catastrophic depression." The Socialist leader apparently believes that war will bring fascism. Here again, I believe he leaves too much to the haphazard course of events. A war will not arise spontaneously and suck America in. America will allow itself to be sucked into war with a speed proportional to the degree of power attained by its fascist-minded reactionaries, and inversely proportional to the degree to which its opponents of war are united. The backers of Landon, to a far greater extent than can be said of Roosevelt's supporters, are the forces pressing toward fascism and war. The very money which the Liberty League du Ponts lavish on the Landon campaign is money got in part from their heavy investment in Dynamit Actien-Gesellschaft, the munitions trust which has now rearmed Nazi Germany.

Why, then, does the Communist Party not come out in support of Roosevelt instead of urging its followers, in all sincerity, to vote for Browder? Because, first, it knows very well that all the votes that go to Browder could not possibly alter the result, and second, because to transfer those votes to Roosevelt would be to cancel out completely even those superficial advantages which, in their eyes, Roosevelt holds over Landon. Assured of the support of the extreme Left, there would be nothing to prevent him from yielding in ever-increasing measure to pressure from the Right.

The Communist "line" is as simple as that. This is the line about which so much hokum has been written and spoken—not least by the Socialist candidate. The leader of a party which after thirty-six years of effort claims a membership of something like 28,000 finds "a naïve, almost an amusing, quality about the Communist assurance that the workers and the middle class will accept their united front with enthusiasm." Apparently Mr. Thomas cannot believe that to Communists the question of their own admission to a united front is far less important than the establishment and growth of such a barrier to fascism.

Again and again Thomas refers to the changes that have come over the Communist Party, to the amazement of "the proverbial man from Mars who attended Communist meetings in 1932 and then again in 1936," and, in a recent speech, to the Communists' "peculiar chameleon philosophy." The tremendous advance of fascism on a world scale, the increasing awareness by liberals and workers of the blackness of the economic picture and of the futility of reformism—these are the things which have, not "changed," as Thomas would have it, the Communist line, but called for and made possible its present course of development. Perhaps if the Socialists were likewise to adapt their tactics to the realities about them, the word "naïve" would come less incongruously from the lips of their leader.

★ ★ ★

Southern Labor Organizer

What is the limit of a man's
Control when torture rips the breast
Until, almost insane, it fans
A groveling desire for rest?
You know the answer, you were bound
To cypress tree that night. They made
Your blood gush to the swampy ground,
They hacked your flesh with whip and
blade.
Their hope was that you would confess
Sharecroppers' names, throw year-long
friends
To quick death or a crouching press
Where copperheads and slime contend.
The seconds dragged before you lapsed
To blackness, but they met the strength,
The swing of mind in flesh collapsed,
The clutch of faith in silence-length.

Brave animal? It was not that.
You found the rebel's countersign,
The hate and pride against the flat
Vomit of fear, the hidden whine.
Afterwards you were forced to crawl
More than a mile to reach your shack.
Your mind attended you, straight, tall,
And gladness welled to heal your back.

Weeks later, voice once more addressed
To friends, the story was retold.
You were not eulogized, caressed,
Your fortitude was but an old
Accepted item in the lives
Of people steeped within a pure,
Slow zeal where great endurance thrives
To be unflattered and obscure.
Upon the secret meeting-floor,
A cabin tucked deep in the night,
The burning wick showed twenty-four
Tense men and women, black and white.
The heads, communing torch of eyes,
Tight mouth-lines strung against defeat,
Were practical, immense and wise
Beyond heroics, dodge, retreat.
You said: "This conflict cannot stop
Until we raise a thousand cries.
The landlords' whips and guns will drop
When we can answer them with size.
A hundred men signed every week,
This we must pledge"—a murmur
spread
From hearts resolved to act, to speak,
Protect the living, avenge—the dead.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

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The Changing Dominion

Frantic ballyhoo about "recovery," angry words about the Crown, and the election of a Communist in Manitoba, foretell a different Canada

By John Hyde Preston

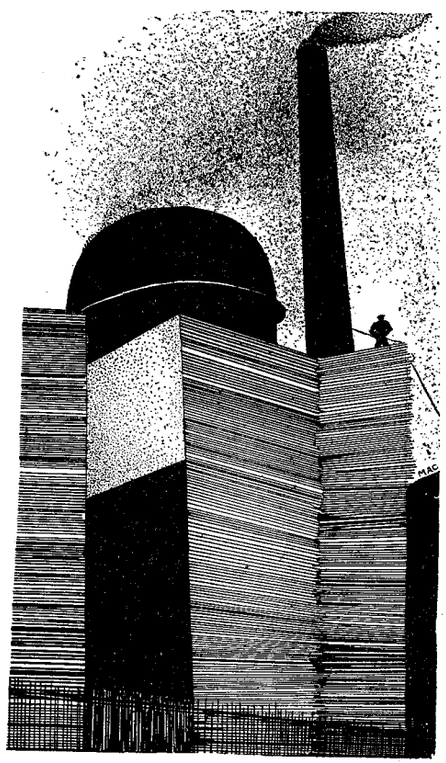
THE government in Ottawa is boasting that Canada's recovery is virtually complete. The gentlemen who use statistics to conceal facts have managed to make a pretty good case for the government's claim. American business men are pleased to hear about it. Ever since that day a few years ago when they found themselves with their backs up against a Wall Street under threat of control of Washington and began to yell about moving the Stock Exchange to Montreal, these business men have been reiterating that Canada is better governed than these United States, that free enterprise is respected there, that radicals are put in their place, that ambition is not killed by high inheritance taxes. They've got the inheritance-tax scare on the brain. They wouldn't mind paying five cents for two penny boxes of matches or forty-five cents for a pound of coffee if only they could be sure their pockets would not be robbed after they are dead. There's a touch of necromancy in the fascination which the picture of themselves, dead and robbed, has for them. The big-business variation on the Christian concept of the after-life revolves around the fate of private fortunes in the Hereafter. Brokers and utility owners, if they can't be respected while they live, want the comfort of knowing that their pockets will be respected after they die.

They all have an idea that Canada is the safest place on this continent for bulging pockets. The Dominion government does all it can to foster the idea, and the newspaper boys can get up a set of figures that makes the prospect of dying in Canada look like a golden opportunity. Even the shopkeepers are tempted. All through the South I met disgusted Americans, young and old, who told me that if only they could find the money to get across the border they'd clear out of these States and become Canadian citizens so as to escape Roosevelt's Red Specter.

If the big-money boys want to go to Canada nobody will lament their departure, but for their own sakes I would offer the advice that they go by night in a sealed train so as to avoid the shock of crossing the border. Not all the propaganda in the world can make that shock pleasant, for life has a disorderly way of refuting figures.

If, for example, after the autumn elections, they should pour into Canada via the Detroit Bridge, the Ontario undertakers might grab at the chance of making a good thing out of American heart failures. Not many could survive the sudden change. If you crossed that bridge blindfolded you could feel the difference. Detroit lies loud and smoking on the Michigan flats, furiously moving and twitching in its every nerve, working overtime, belching fire, belching worn men and women from a hundred factories, spewing from its gigantic mouth long streams of shiny new cars, slowly moving out along the roads towards the far corners of America—slithering, interminable, ducoed serpents.

On the other side of the river, Windsor lies quiet as a winter field. Here is nothing that suggests the frenzied, hysterical, anxious rushing of Detroit, a rushing more reminiscent of 1929 than anything I have seen in America, but without 1929's confidence and filled with dark hatreds and black legions. At first the quietness of Windsor is a relief after Detroit; everything is half-paced, the people lethargic, the streets shoddy; and then suddenly the quietness begins to oppress you and you know that this is the quietness of death. If you have seen similar towns in America, if you have seen St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Asheville, N. C., you will recognize the symptoms: the symptoms of an almost-city stopped in its tracks, degenerating from within and without, an ugly sprawl of men, women, and buildings slowly and horribly dying in calm. Here are not so many twisted faces as in Asheville, not so many victims of syphilis and starvation wages, but here are the same dead eyes. And then you recall what you heard about Canada's recovery.



Mackey

AS YOU GO NORTH you see what this recovery is. You see the wide, green farms, the solid stone and brick houses, and you wonder if it is not real after all. Then you stop your car at one of these farms and, under pretext of asking a direction, you fall into conversation. You have just been through the Middle West, you say, where everything is brown and dry under the stabbing torments of the sun; you have just seen Kentucky and Ohio and dusty fields that had not tasted rain in sixty days and here it is wonderful to see green, rich crops again. The farmer looks at you and says they're green all right, greener than banknotes, but there ain't a banknote there; he's got everything but money. Then he looks at you more closely and asks if you're an American, and when you say yes you can see his face harden. You can feel his distrust at once; blindly and instinctively—though for good reasons, which he senses rather than understands—he hates you. You belong to the nation that has steam-rollered his country, culturally and economically, and taken away whatever native identity it once possessed. Once he knows you are an American he begins to evade your questions or flatly refuses to answer.

Such a farmer may be your first introduction to one of the most interesting of Canadian phenomena: the conspiracy of silence against inquiring Americans on all problems social and economic. At first I wondered if it could be my manners and the sort of information I asked for that turned them into clams. But when I tried the expedient of lying and told people that I came from British Columbia, I found that they were ready to answer my questions fully and eagerly.

This may make Canadians sound unfriendly. It is not so. They are merely bewildered and under severe economic pressure. They look upon the United States as a monster that sucks up their vitality, natural resources, and wealth, draining southward all that is good (including the best workers), and they hate the capitalist entrepreneurs who have directed Canadian life and industry towards a slavish imitation of all the worst features of American civilization. The situation is not eased by the presence of wealthy nationals who favor a land exchange with the U.S. or even our annexation of the country. It looks more dangerous because

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there are sound reasons for such an exchange. Canada's arable land is in a narrow strip 3,500 miles long; she owns no land south of the Great Lakes, so that her growing season is very short, and those who favor exchange would be glad to give up a large hunk of northern territory for a tongue of farming country to the southward. Because of her dire needs, Canada knows that the United States can get the best of her in any bargain, and the hate is fed by jealousy. But some of that hate is a guilt reflex, and we are heaped with a good deal of abuse that is generated by British dominance. Middle-class Canadians—at least in Ontario—are more hesitant than the British themselves in damning the Crown. Only the French in Quebec openly hate the king and all his works. Elsewhere many of the people, writhing under the weight of taxes and high prices, still hope to get a liberal government without separation from England; Canada independent, many feel—however mistakenly—might fall of her own internal overload into the lap of the United States. Most do not think realistically of an independent Canada that could develop freely, and many are still deluded into frenzy by the old bogy of Japanese invasion. The press is very pro-British. What little of Canadian national identity is not already eclipsed by American enterprise is overshadowed by dominating Mother England. "To be a good Canadian is to be a good imperialist," says the Toronto *Mail and Empire*. In a long editorial this paper commented joyfully on the increase in "loyal sentiment" during the past year and went on to give, with wonderful naïveté, the three reasons: (1) the Silver Jubilee of King George, (2) the death of King George, and (3) the ascension of Edward VIII "with his known hatred of poverty and war."

INTERNALLY Canada is rife with social and political turmoil. Along the roads in Ontario one sees painted on rocks or fences the words "VOTE LEFT." While I was there in early summer the conservative Quebec ministry, in power for forty years, fell in the midst of scandal and corruption and there was rioting in the streets. The people are hungry and jobless; money is scarce, and soon it may be scarcer than blood if the government continues to curtail relief. In the little fishing village on the shore of Lake Huron where I spent a month conditions were in many ways more hopeless than anything I saw in the Deep South. Five years ago it was a town of 2400 persons; today it can claim less than a thousand permanent residents. Its three factories have been shut since 1932; the fish hatchery, which pays wages of fifteen to twenty cents an hour, employs about one hundred men and women when it is running seven or eight months out of the year. From December to May the town is icebound by water and snowbound by land. Last winter nearly 150 families out of 280 were eligible for relief; but only fifty received it—$2.25 a week for a family of three! Unmarried workers get nothing but a chance to cut wood for the town at the rate of sixty cents

Jean Foster

a cord; and how much wood an unpractised woodsman can cut at the temperature of thirty below zero is not a hard guess to make. One husky fellow told me that he never once made more than a half dollar a day. He didn't know why things were so bad, he said, except that Americans were buying up Canadian factories so they couldn't compete. I asked him if he knew of any instances. It happened that he didn't, but he'd heard. Anyhow, he was going to get drunk for the king's birthday. It was a holiday and everyone had been working harder than usual in order to catch the tourists who had come to town. In the evening I went into the tobacco shop. A group of men were standing around. "Made more money today than I have in the past week. God save the king, huh?" one man said to me. I felt petulant. "Save him for what?" I asked, not knowing or caring what reception the remark might get. They all burst into laughter. "Ha, ha, ha," one man said. " 'Save him for what' is right! That's what we'd like to know. Save him for what?" It was the only open and spontaneous example of anti-Crown sentiment that I ran across in Ontario; the rest of the time it was guarded, cautiously feeling its way, but, I suspect, no less bitter. But Ontario is the stronghold of Canadian conservatism. The king is not well loved out west.

I inquired of the bank president what the unemployed did in winter. "Oh," he said, "they bowl. We have a fine bowling alley here in town."

"I don't mean that," I told him. "I mean, how do they eat?"

He drew himself up. "There's never a question about that. We take care of our people here in this town. Nobody goes without. I tell you this country is coming back—it's coming right back on its feet." Just that morning I had heard of two workers who had collapsed on a job from want of food. I told him about it. "Sounds like one of those dirty, dirty agitating tales you hear these days. Pay no attention," was his comment.

Canada is being sucked deeper and deeper into the maelstrom while the government sits by and repeats the shibboleth: "This country is coming back." It's the national catchword, designed to catch the whole nation in a trap sooner or later. Radicals and Americans are blamed for most of the woes. When relief funds gave out in North Bay, Communists were accused of sapping the treasury by posing as unemployed! In Toronto five thousand Italo-Canadians marching in a parade give the fascist salute and the only protest is a remark in the *Globe* that it was "hardly in good taste."

The Canadian press presents a strange mixture of viciousness and naïveté—more naïve, and by the same count less vicious, than the most provincial paper in the United States. It appears that editorial censorship is not as rigid as with us, for now and again some bright young man can manage to insert a charge of dynamite before he is detected. A good example is the following editorial from the conservative Ottawa *Citizen*, which I quote here because it seems to state as accurately as anything I have read the under-the-surface attitude of the people:

> The ferment in Quebec is at bottom the labor pains of social change. It is related, though perhaps remotely, to the upheaval going on in Old France. Old France, however, is more advanced in economic opinions than New France, and so the mutations in Quebec will be less extreme than in France.
>
> But change there will be. The people of Quebec are stirring, as surely as the masses in other parts of the world. They have been patient and loyal under forty years of so-called Liberal government. They are still loyal, but not so patient, and the last six years have proved the turning-point. . . . This mood of the Quebec people should be a lesson to political leaders everywhere. The electors have not become revolutionary, but they are growing weary of shibboleths and hope deferred. Even the most docile people will become restless and resentful if they are kept in economic subjection long enough.

But in Quebec the elections showed how the radicalization of the city's masses has been twisted to tory ends by fascist demagogy. Left-wing leaders there and in the other provinces are wondering how long it is going to take to complete the job already off to a good start with the election of a Communist to the Manitoba legislature. Conditions in Canada are rapidly giving the answer. With food prices a third higher than in the U.S., with unemployment spreading and wages cut to as low as fifteen and twenty cents an hour, the wall between the people and their oppressors has become a sounding-board for angry accusations. Communist and Socialist leaders, who a few years ago had thin audiences, now pack the unused movie houses in the little towns—theaters which closed down a few years ago when the people could no longer afford ten cents to see a film. Even the patrioteers see that a great change is coming over Canada and they are busy giving the people outward reminders of the king's great love for his flock. The smallest village is a-flutter with Union Jacks; on the dullest day you think a parade is about to pass. But the flags are old and the colors have run in the rains. If the rains from heaven and Ottawa are particularly heavy this winter it is not impossible that the color red may begin to predominate.

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The Road from Rome

The Pope's speech to those who fled Spain rather than accept its elected government indicates that Vatican history repeats itself

By Robert Forsythe

IF one is to judge from the words of the Pope in his address to the Spanish refugees, the strength of the Mother Church lies not so much in its tenets of transubstantiation and the Virgin Birth as in its belief that mankind may best be inoculated with Christianity by use of the machine gun. Either Spain has always been the least Catholic of countries or religion under the church of St. Peter can be maintained only by the bludgeon. In the days of the Inquisition any departure from strict doctrine was rewarded by a session with the rack and screw and eventually by burning at the stake. This might be regarded as a departure from the doctrine of God is Love, but it seemed on the surface to resolve the problem.

It appeared to be established that after heresy had been rooted out, the country was content to worship with ardor and complete devotion. In the centuries following the Inquisition, Spain became the solace of the Catholic church. With the success of the Risorgimento in Italy and the march on Rome in 1870, the temporal power of the church was destroyed and the Pope remained a voluntary captive in the Vatican until the advent of Mussolini. The Dreyfus case in France was the culmination of a terrific struggle against anti-clericalism, and the vindication of Dreyfus completed the severance of church and state. The full weight of the Vatican had been brought to bear on Dreyfus, and the resentment of the democratic forces against the reactionaries who had sought to destroy republicanism and the liberal elements through the medium of the Dreyfus persecution was naturally turned against Rome. A study of the Dreyfus affair and of the struggle of Italy to reunite its eight provinces will show an interesting parallel with present-day Spain. In every case it has been necessary to break the hold of the Church before anything resembling change could be brought about.

"I fear His Holiness will be unable to rise this morning, sisters. You may pray for him—and General Mola's Moors."

BUT IN those troublesome times for the Church, Spain had remained faithful. Attempts at revolt against the throne were always frustrated and it was generally believed (a) that the land of hidalgos was a devout nation and (b) that Alfonso was so well loved that if by any chance the monarchy were overturned a grateful people would immediately elect him president of the new republic. What went on beneath the surface was never quite clear to the outside world, but it was generally believed that while Italy and France might have acted in a non-Christian and subversive spirit, nothing could ever alter the devotion of the Spanish.

That the Spanish were devout cannot be denied and this makes the present situation even more interesting to an outsider. Only a cursory knowledge of the hold of the Catholic Church on its worshipers is needed to understand that it requires provocation of the utmost virulence to separate the religious from their clergy. With participation in the mass a part of their very natures, and with the doctrines of church authority acquired with their mother's milk, the people of Spain could only have been divorced from the church by a succession of shocks and outrages perpetrated by the clergy themselves. The theory that one may be talked out of religious beliefs is as preposterous as the liberal belief that Mr. Morgan or the du Ponts will eventually see that capitalism is evil and surrender their possessions. Nothing was ever more ludicrous than the attempt of the American Methodist Church to attempt conversion of wayward Catholics in the heart of Rome itself. The failure of foreign missions is only another indication of the same truth. When there is added to this deep-seated reverence for a traditional religion the fear which can be thrown into the heart of a worshiper by the threat of excommunication, one may realize what has happened in Spain and what has happened before that in Mexico.

Here are two profoundly Catholic countries suddenly uprooting the church and bringing sorrow to the faithful everywhere. The thought that such an upheaval can be brought about by propaganda is a testimonial which no propaganda has ever deserved. If the Good Father in Rome will accept the word of a Communist, no such success is possible. Reverent people are not won from their

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lifelong devotion by the words of propagandists, even when these are words of the strongest good sense.

If the church is suffering in Spain it is because the Church has been seriously at fault. The fault has long been known by students of the subject and evidently by the people of Spain as well. With great portions of the land of Spain in the hands of the church, with the education of the masses entirely in its power and with the church so entwined with the monorachy that the church was a more powerful influence than any secular force, there was every opportunity to govern its children in a way which would have bound them irrevocably to Rome. The contrary has happened. A devoutly Catholic land has been forced to break the power of the church to gain those minimum rights to which even the humblest peon feels entitled.

What the world sees now is a force of reactionary bandits murdering the Catholic people of Spain in the name of Christianity, and with the blessing of the Holy Father. You will either love me, my dear children, or I will blow your brains out. If it is necessary to bless the infidel troops from Morocco who are gouging out your intestines with a bayonet, I will not hesitate to make the sign of the cross. I will not instruct my bishops to get you an extra acre of land or a second crust of bread, but I love you so dearly that I will have you dispatched to Heaven as rapidly as the devout brethren of the Foreign Legion can accomplish my orders. That reverend and faithful General Franco, who drags the women and children of Badajoz into the bullring to be mowed down by the machine guns of the Moors, marches with the accolade of God on his cheek. Come to my bosom, dear children, or take the consequences of your reluctance.

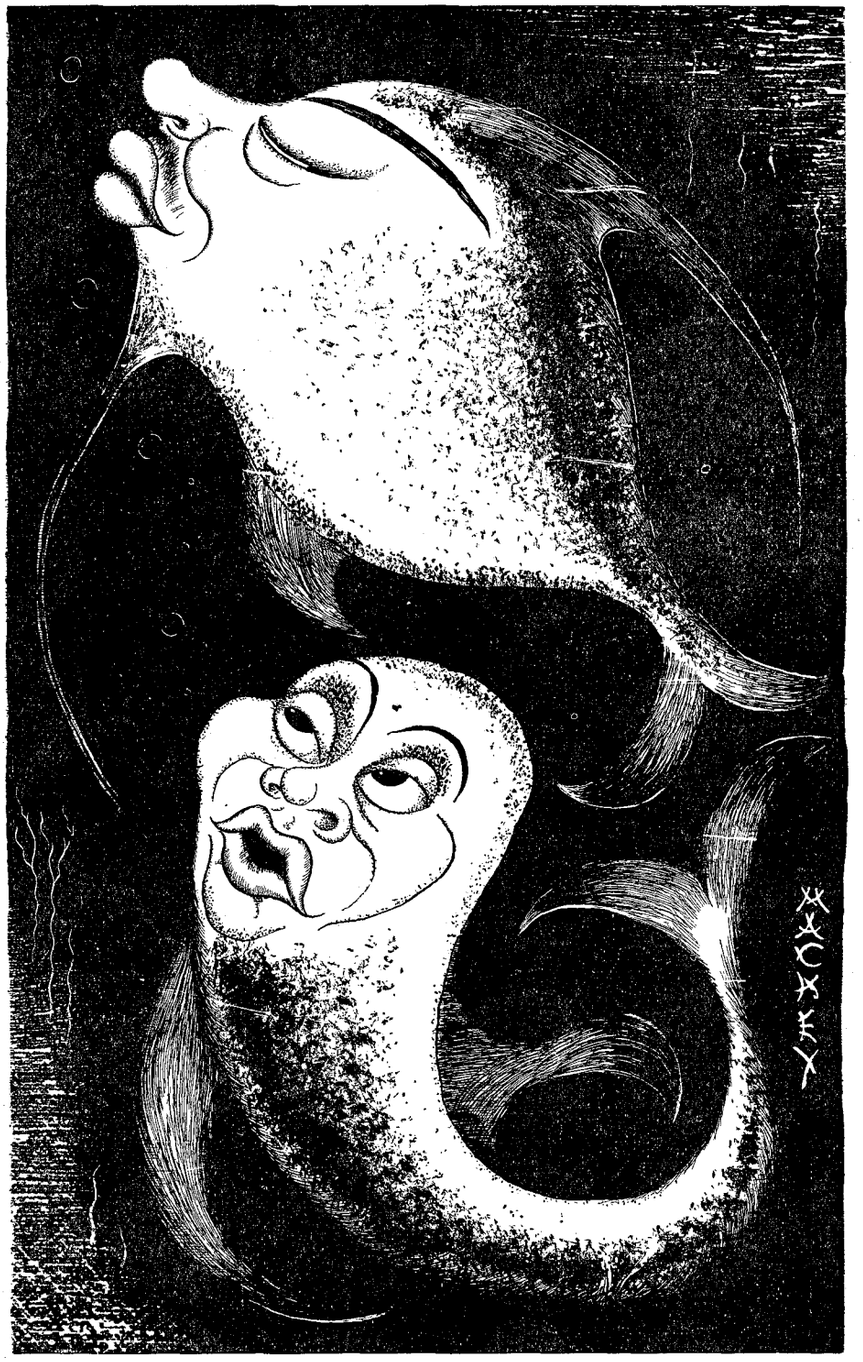
The facts of the Civil War in Spain have been too often related to need repetition here. Robert Neville of the New York *Herald Tribune* has written of the fascist machine gun nests in the Catholic churches of Malaga, with priests in cassocks mingling with the reactionary troops in the churchyard, bestowing their blessing on the shells aimed at the districts of the poverty-stricken residents in the town below. Priests and nuns have joined in helping the fascist forces and are therefore as liable to the dangers of war as any worker in the loyalist armies. The churches have been used as arsenals and fortresses. To allow them to remain unmolested would be to surrender all hope of a victory for the duly elected republican parties.

The Pope raised no cries of horror over the murder of Ethiopian troops by the poison gases of the Italians. The bishops of Spain uttered no protest when Franco murdered 10,000 Asturians *after* the unsuccessful uprising of 1934. There was no murmur from the Vatican when Cardinal Innitzer of Austria approved the bombardment of the Socialist apartments in Vienna.

After years of silence the Pope finally speaks. His words pour forth against the menace of Communism only a few hours after Herr Hitler, that other champion of mankind, brings four days of insanity to a close in a like campaign of threats against Moscow. It is Moscow that has poisoned the minds of the Catholics of Spain and Mexico. There is nothing wrong with the church. If it has lost its hold on its people, it is merely because they have been weaned from the faith of their fathers.

Somehow there is a reminiscent ring about the words emanating from the Vatican. Historians will recall that there was once an event known as the Reformation. That, too, according to the church, was the work of a little band of evil men. The church was perfect and needed no correction. Anybody who held to the contrary could be brought to see the love of God for the common man by a slight boiling in oil.

History indeed repeats itself . . . and adds something at each repetition.



UNNATURAL HISTORY—V

ABOVE are two interesting fish from the Far East. The harmless-looking Emperor Shark (*Hirohito puppeti*) above, while having a skin that is extremely thin and sensitive, nevertheless bears spines which are sharp and poisonous when in a state of expansion. An odd fact is that this creature is the protector of the Manchurian Figurehead Fish (*Puyi puerilis*) pictured below, despite the fact that the Emperor Shark regularly preys upon many common Chinese fishes which are closely related to the Figurehead. Both have been found as far to the northwest as Mongolia, but scientists do not believe they will ever be found ranging any farther.—JOHN MACKEY.

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Mencken: A Portrait in Shadows

Looking back over the various stages in the career of Menckenism, the author says a revised view is in order

By Isidor Schneider

A BACKWARD glance at Dr. Mencken, ornament of the *haute booboisie,* author of a text-book on the *echt amerikanische Sprache,* now to be found in every college library, a layman already stifled in dignities, doomed to be enrolled by way of honorary degrees, if he is not so enrolled already, among the *Herren Professoren,* to become an ever-brightening academic light.

Let me not deceive my readers. This is to be a portrait in acids, not oils. I never liked Mr. Mencken; I never liked his works and when I first saw his photograph I realized that he was one of the few men in my destiny between whom and me, if we ever met, there would at once discharge electric currents of antagonism.

I first heard of Mencken in college. An excruciating sophomore, who provided the campus with its bibliography of smut and who abused every conversation with his puns, had sold epigrams to Mr. Mencken for *Smart Set* magazine. The epigrams were of this standard: "There would be no satyrs were there no nymphs." This young man set the fashionable tone for culture. A cultivated man à la Mencken was to be known by his vast capacity for scorn and by the unpredictability of his few enthusiasms.

Later I met a well-known—that is to say, a regularly published—poet. He brought out for the amusement of the company a letter from Mr. Mencken which read something like this: "In the manner of all editors who have found poems to be ideal space-fillers I am calling upon you to submit some samples of your spring line." My poet's resentment over this flippancy was deepened by reading further Menckenian comments on poetry, comments that were a measure of his general sensitiveness to culture. Poetry, he declared, was an adolescent characteristic, as unbecoming in maturity as coyness in a woman of forty.

The next pronounced Menckenite whom I met was a young business man. He was the New York representative of an out-of-town dress-goods house, a bubbling, curly-haired *bon viveur.* He had desk space in one of those lofts whose directory carried the most imposing names. The Grand Imperial Notions & Trimmings Corporation seen in the flesh would turn out to be a thin, falsetto-voiced, form-fitted young man who owed two months' rent. The chief visible occupation of these business men, including the Menckenite, was poker. A relative of mine occupied desk space and that was how I happened to find myself there. Noticing books under my arm, the Menckenite accosted me volubly and excitedly. "You read Mencken—greatest living writer—teaches you how to live." He slapped his thighs, wet his lips. "Beer," he said, and on that word his eyes bore a mystic light. "Teaches you what women are for—goddamn, what a man!" he said, smacking his thigh. "I got everything he wrote. I got an autograph too. Worth money. Greatest living writer. Boy, how he gives it to the boobs!"

"Him and Mencken," said one of his companions contemptuously. "He don't date a chippie unless he sees it's O.K. by Mencken."

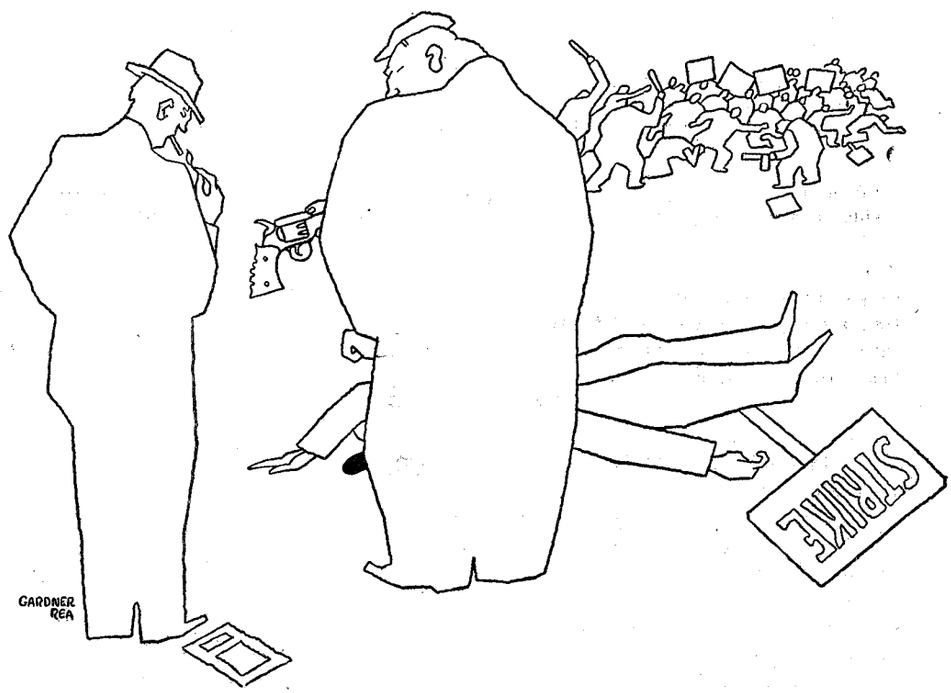
A remark that could be understood profoundly. Mencken, it was true, was the great emancipator of the bourgeoisie, *haute* and *petite* —his sanctions were awaited as the signal withdrawing the restraints on its pent-up grossness.

It will be seen that I am attempting what might be called the portrait of an influence rather than of the man or the writer. Repelled by the great deal that was superficial and blustering in his books and the insensitiveness which his celebrated energy could not counterbalance, I was never able to finish one.

Noticeable among his greatest admirers of those whom I met were people who came from smaller cities, many from his own home town Baltimore, others from Topeka, Cincinnati, Buffalo, etc., people who had been doubly exasperated by the restraints of their town, and by envious indignation over the "æstheticism" of New York. In New York, these graduates of the small city, anxious to out-New-York the New Yorkers, were the eccentrics, the heaviest drinkers, the freest lovers, the quickest runners after artistic sensations.

There was one man who exemplified these characteristics. He came from Toronto and worked in New York on a trade journal. He was a somewhat undersized man, whose great personal tragedy, I discovered later, was his rejection by the army during the World War. His apartment was about as queer as any I have seen. He kept a human skull on his desk. He had a special admiration for the Vikings and for the Japanese. And among other similarly significant decorations in his room were a model of a Viking ship and a carved Japanese sword. His interests were military and literary but, as a matter of fact, he was better pleased when a piece of his, analyzing a battle, was accepted by the *Army and Navy Journal* than when he got a letter of acceptance from the *Dial.* His literary passion was Mencken, the Mencken derived from Nietzsche, apostle of force, apostle of the infuriated runts of the world.

FINALLY I saw Mr. Mencken in person, for a moment, but in what I might call a perfect setting. It was at the Hotel Algonquin,



"Cut me another notch in it, will ya? I can't write."

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famous resort during the middle and late twenties for literary celebrities and well-to-do rubbernecks. An up-and-coming novelist took me there, a "discovery" of Mr. Mencken's, a writer who had made a sensation by his brutality, doing something in literature equivalent to Clark Gable's way with the screen queens. Over the phone he said, "We'll just dive into a cafeteria. You and I are a couple of honest bums. No lit'r'y hangouts for us." But when he called for me he took me to the Algonquin. "Couldn't help it," he said. "Have to see someone—business." This unnecessary piece of hypocrisy set the tone for the whole occasion. The Algonquin was a place where sincere words were spoken only in jest.

As we sat at our table my host pointed out people. For that matter nearly everybody was pointing and it was obvious that people came to see and be seen, and that daily changes in status were calculated by the editor or publisher a writer was seen with. My host's identifications became monotonous. "That's So-and-so; notice how he advertises he's a pansy, the god-damn fruit. . . . That bastard is a stockbroker. The dame with him is So-and-so, the actress. He pays her five hundred bucks a meal, to be seen with her here. . . . That's So-and-so, the publisher. Notice how pale he is. His best seller is givin' him a standup, probably switchin' to another house. . . ." Then he said excitedly, "There's that son of a bitch, Mencken, and the big fat son of a bitch with him is Hergesheimer." This time his pointing was unnecessary. Everybody's head was turned. I saw a rather short, spruce, well-fed, ruddy, arrogant-looking man. He met the glances with indifference. Obviously he was aware of his eminence. He was arbiter of more than literature.

It was in that dreadful time of false prosperity and false freedom when the privileged had been relieved of the last burdens of decency, the era of sophistication, of genteel opportunism, when writers were proud to be as unprincipled as business men, and Mencken and Menckenism were at their height. They had, in fact, been made eminently respectable; they were being done by the most fashionable publisher, a publisher who was succeeding by specialized formats in elevating books to the level of parlor lamps.

There is one more Menckenian I have to speak of, a man now safe on the staff of one of the most reactionary magazines in the country, but at one time labeled a liberal.

Personally he was pleasant, shrewd, and generous. He had risen from poverty by hard work and night-time study. At thirty-five he was trying to live his postponed life and was failing at it. If he went out to a party he was prostrated for several days after it. Under the circumstances there was nothing left for him to enjoy but the things he had sacrificed his youth for: his position, his attainment to a superior class, his very satisfying salary on which he could afford the best doctors. Mencken was one of his substitutes for what he could not have. Mencken he considered to be the best living stylist. He became, for a period, one of Mencken's friends.

After the depression set in, my friend and I began to drift apart. When he tried to justify "under certain conditions," paying workers less than they needed to survive on, I could no longer meet him, though I retain pleasant memories of him in the period before the depression put his liberalism to the test. Before our parting, however, he told me that Mencken was despondent, that he felt himself to be a failure, that his following had left him.

It was true, and a credit to Mencken's realism that he recognized it. But he has not had the grace to retire. He has sought another following and is finding it. The great emancipator of four-letter words is hounding the Reds. The two magazines he made famous for a time are dead actually or in effect. He is ushered on to his new platform on the arms of Macfadden and Hearst.

Nevertheless, there are even Marxians who speak of his decline with regret. Several writers have testified to the liberating effect he had upon them in youth, when he was one of the salesmen of the false revolution, the revolution that confused everybody. This "revolution" took many forms, but in effect it was the last tremor of the revolution of the bourgeoisie, the revolution of its old age, when it shook off the cultural compulsions of its social responsibilities. With the real revolutionary movement visible, this uprising of the sophisticates is seen for what it was—the decadence.

Daughters of the American Revolution — Anton Refregier

★ ★ ★

What Do You Answer?

My health is good. I lost no one of any importance. I put my losses at three thousand killed and wounded.—*From a letter written by Napoleon to Empress Marie Louise in 1813.*

You
O you of no importance
they are calling you again. Choose
sides in this fantastic game
heads they win tails you lose

You
fatted by hunger for the kill
yours the blood to spill
give them an eye an arm a leg or two
they pin a pretty toy on you
for murder. Head down
charge into destruction. . . .
A world to save? Not for you
lost in the oblivion
of an unmarked grave.

You
windswept hurricane-tossed
of no importance
who dangled from torn trees
O living flag of shame
what would you say today?

Mothers
whose troubled wombs grow large today
with things of no importance
what do you say?

You
they are calling you again
O you of no importance
what do you answer?

BLANCHE MACKSOUD.

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The Muddle Way

Production for use or mere "yardstick," immediate recognition of labor's rights or postponement—the cooperatives seem confused

By Sarah Carlton

WHEN a social or economic movement arouses the concern of America's old-line political parties, it is a virtual certainty that it is making headway. The commission sent by President Roosevelt to study Europe's coöperatives is only one of several signs that consumer coöperation in the United States has reached an important stage of development. A few states already have laws providing for courses in coöperation in state colleges, several bills were introduced in the last session of Congress to encourage the establishment of coöperatives, and in the pronounced view of Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, the movement is "destined to dominate the late twentieth century."

There is no doubt that coöperation presents a form of organization which has proved itself capable of bringing immediate benefits to its followers. The movement is, moreover, a significant manifestation of the people's need for banding together against exploitation—as an attempt to eliminate through collective action some of the wastes of our present business system. But whenever people are attracted to a movement in large numbers, and legislators show a correspondingly solicitous interest, it is well to look into the doctrine on which the movement is founded, and to consider the orientation of its leadership.

Production for use, not for profit—with ownership and control of the means of distribution and eventually of production in the democratic hands of those for whom goods are produced—is the basic doctrine of the coöperative movement. Carried to its logical conclusion, then, the coöperative movement would bring us safely and peacefully into an economic democracy where—everyone being a consumer, every consumer being a coöperator, and the means of distribution and production being in the hands of the coöperators—we should have difficulty in telling the new order from a socialized state, except that business would be run not by the government, but by managers appointed by the democratically elected boards of directors of a nation-wide network of coöperatives.

In theory the followers of the movement are working toward the establishment of such an order—but in theory only. There is, first, no comprehension whatever of the nature of the existing class society. What on earth induces coöperators to believe that finance capital and the forces of government in its control are calmly going to yield the source of their power? And, secondly, they assume, when their leaders say "production for use, not for profit," when they urge the bending of every effort toward coöperatizing the nation, that it is with the intention of making *every* consumer a coöperator and thus putting the ownership and control of the nation's resources in the hands of the people as a whole. It does not occur to them to question the implications of the examples of successful coöperation which are held up for them to emulate, nor do the leaders apprise them of the logical inconsistency of their position.

Every coöperator in this country is urged to expend all his energies to help us rival the achievements of Sweden's great coöperative system. Yet the policy of the "middle way," as defined by Albin Johannson, head of Sweden's $140,000,000-a-year coöperative business, precludes a closer approximation of the goal than the point beyond which coöperation would cease to be a yardstick and would take on the aspects of monopoly.

In an interview published in the New York *World-Telegram* (June 20, 1936), William Philip Simms suggested to Johannson that if the coöperatives there continued to expand they would eventually own Sweden.

> In that case [he answered], we shall have failed—utterly. Because that would put us on all fours with Communist Russia, Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and the other totalitarian states. . . . We are opposed to monopoly tooth and nail, whether by government or by private initiative. . . . When the Labor Party advocated the state taking over gasoline and coffee, for instance, I came out against it. Monopolies are dangerous in anybody's hands. Without opposition they get big, fat, flabby, clumsy, lazy, inefficient. They become wasteful, and waste makes prices go up. Were we to become one vast monopoly, controlling everything, as you suggest we logically might, we should suffer the same fate. We don't want to put anybody out of business. Ceaseless competition amongst us all—the state, the coöperatives, and private industry—benefits the masses. . . . The world cannot do without a yardstick!

IT IS OBVIOUS, then, that the coöperative movement in this country, following in the footsteps of Sweden, aims to set up a coöperative democracy in which not everyone will be a coöperator, that the implications of the fundamental doctrine are false, and that those who put their faith in them are being misled when Dr. Warbasse, president of the Coöperative League, which is the national center of the American coöperative movement, admonishes his readers: "Coöperation is a radical movement. Those who desire that the prevalent economic and social conditions should continue should not enter the coöperative movement."[1] "Coöperation at the most," he says in another chapter, "would only slowly and partially supplant but not necessarily displace private business."[2] In actuality, therefore, coöperation as propounded today is a half-way measure posing as a panacea.

Dan Rico

BUT WHAT of coöperation as far as it goes? What are likely to be the results of the spread of the movement?

As has been said, consumer coöperation has proved itself capable of bringing immediate benefits to its followers. Therein lie its strength and its weakness and its hazards. The basis of its attraction is the economic appeal. Its approach is the consumer approach. In a society where most of the people cannot afford to buy all they need, where they are cheated in the quality and quantity of what they do manage to buy, any form of organization which can help them to obtain more for their money appears as a tremendous boon. It provides an immediate form of action which brings immediate results.

Coöperators are not taught to look beyond the fact that something concrete is being accomplished; the prospect of savings returns is held out to them as a reward for simply banding together. The coöperative movement teaches people to think of themselves as consumers and as coöperators. It imbues them with a desire to spread the coöperative movement, with what appears to be an altruistic enthusiasm to pass on to others the opportunities to reap the same benefits of organization. Coöperation, moreover, is a way open to all of the people without discrimination, political, racial, or religious. And it is a democratic institution. The economic appeal is universal.

It will be observed, however, that the realization of this economic hope depends upon the ability of coöperative business to compete with so-called capitalist business. Now it is the contention of coöperators that because of the high degree of efficiency of capitalist business, because of its mass volume, consumers, starting from scratch and with only slight resources at their disposal, cannot build the coöperative movement if they are obliged to use

[1] COÖPERATIVE DEMOCRACY. *Harper Bros. 1936, p. 23.*

[2] IBID., *p. 109.*

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and patronize union labor from the outset. This contention is of paramount significance, because in it may be found the key to the orientation of the coöperative movement.

Coöperators will tell you that nothing is dearer to their hearts than labor. They will assure you that it is only to get started that they beg to be allowed to use volunteer or cheap labor, because they must compete with capitalist sweatshop labor if they are ever to build up their volume to the point where they can afford to pay the union scale. And they will insist that the moment they have reached this point, unionization will be automatic.

The facts, however, do not bear this out. In an attempt to get some light on labor conditions in coöperatives, the national headquarters of the movement were consulted. No figures on the number of employees were available there. No coöperative at present affiliated with the League was known to maintain a closed shop. But millions of dollars in savings returns to the members are quoted at every turn. Surely with the run successful coöperatives are said to be giving capitalist business for their money, there must be some that have long passed the automatic unionization point.

Only one large coöperative-workers' union in the west was reported, and its constitution reads more like that of an educational institution than of a labor organization. This union declined affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, arguing that it was an industrial union and that the A.F. of L. organized only craft unions. Its convention reported, however, that some units had obtained a promise on the part of the coöperative managers to specify the wages that would be paid for jobs that were open in the future, rather than to hire on the basis of competitive bidding so that there might be some consideration taken of the applicants' qualifications.

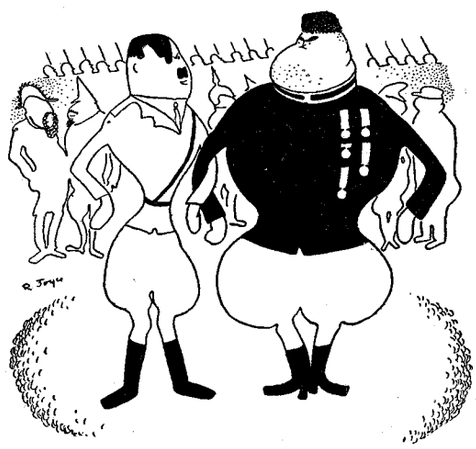
The management of Consumers Coöperative Services in New York City, one of the most influential affiliates of the Coöperative League, is stubbornly opposed to the unionization of the workers in its chain of cafeterias. Yet despite this fact, Dr. Warbasse chooses the C.C.S. as an outstanding example to illustrate the greater concern of coöperatives for the welfare of labor than labor evinces for itself. It is not generally known that only by threat of making the story public was the Independent Consumers Coöperative Services, of Brooklyn, granted affiliation with the Eastern League without deleting from its by-laws the clause providing for employee representation on its board of directors.

Business has already seen that the device of making the worker's dollar go farther can be used for its own ends. Dr. Warbasse and several other important League coöperators are on the board of directors of William Filene's $1,000,000 coöperative department store enterprise, and Mr. Filene assures big business that, far from having anything to fear from coöperatives, it should welcome them as a buttress for the capitalistic system. The Texas Oil Company, notorious for company unionism, has organized a company coöperative for its employees, and the Fort Wayne branch of the International Harvester Company has sponsored a credit union—often an adjunct of coöperatives—to work hand in hand with its company union as a further means of contenting the workers with existing wage levels.

Another indication of the reactionary orientation of certain sectors of the movement is the attitude taken toward Marxism. Instead of helping people to recognize fascist tendencies and pointing out the antithetic natures of communism and fascism, coöperative literature constantly identifies the two and devotes considerable energy to denouncing communism.

The public needs to be disillusioned in the belief that because of its pretensions to being radical, the coöperative movement is necessarily pro-labor. Leaders of the movement, lecturing at the summer institute on coöperation held at Amherst, Mass., this year, taught that coöperators had more to fear from a dictatorship of labor than from a dictatorship of capital. Wherever institutes are held, an almost religious enthusiasm is communicated to the disciples. The one lesson that is driven home is the importance of spreading the movement. It is an essential part of this teaching, however, that not until prospects have been sold on the idea of coöperation should the labor question be introduced, lest vast numbers of people who might otherwise embrace the opportunity to experience the benefits of democratic organization be lost to the ranks. By thus treating any discussion of the labor question as retarding the course of progress, the purists find justification for accusing those who express concern for labor from the outset, of seeking to thwart coöperation.

Competitive capitalism seeks to establish the illusion of a conflict between consumers and workers, whose interests are fundamentally the same. In their struggle for better living conditions, workers organize to obtain higher wages. Capitalism attempts to pass on to the consumer, in the form of higher prices, any increase in labor costs. Capitalism would therefore make all consumers, as such, enemies of the organized labor movement by leading them to believe that labor was working against their interests.



"Let's go some place where we can take off our corsets and relax."

In the same struggle for better living conditions, consumers are organizing to obtain more for their money. Where labor is unprotected, any lowering of prices brought about through the efforts of organized consumers, is passed on by the profit system to the workers in the form of lower wages. The profit system would likewise, therefore, make all workers, as such, enemies of the consumer movement by leading them to believe that consumers were responsible for their pay cuts.

The dangers of the incorporation within the consumer-coöperative movement — itself an essential form of organization for protection against exploitation—of teachings and practices which tend to bolster up this illusion must not be allowed to go unheeded. Not merely is the economic theory behind it unsound, inasmuch as no ultimate advantage to the people as a whole is gained by increasing the buying power of the consumer's dollar with a concomitant and proportionately greater decrease in his earning power. But through such indoctrinations, misguided movements (perhaps with the best of intentions) play into the hands of the forces of reaction at a time when it is of the utmost importance that the ranks of all those persons who must work in order to consume should not be divided.

It is with the hope of aiding the movement for those whom it was designed to benefit, not to destroy it, that the weaknesses and dangers of its present approach are pointed out. It is imperative that the coöperative movement should not be sidetracked from its task of serving the people's needs.

Many progressives, aware of the reactionary tendencies of the movement's leadership and disagreeing with its underlying philosophy, will have nothing to do with it. But it will not do to remain on the outside and criticize.

The coöperators rightly insist that consumers must organize, and in the absence of a more constructive program, consumer organization will tend to follow the traditional coöperative lines. But there is another course of development, involving the simultaneous attack on the profit system by both consumers and workers. Adhering strictly to all the democratic Rochdale principles required for affiliation with the League, it is possible to include additional provisions for unifying the consumer with the labor movement, both in theory, through educational activities, and in practice, through dealing exclusively with union labor in organized fields.

Where its emphasis is on the consumer approach, its foundation on a one-sided economic appeal, coöperation is a philosophy with a split personality. By teaching people to think of themselves primarily as consumers on the one hand, and secondarily as workers with opposing interests on the other, it can only widen the cleavage between groups whose one salvation is unity of purpose and unity of action. Where it is conscious of the identity of consumers and workers, and of the need for overthrowing monopoly capital as the surest barrier to its success, coöperation is a powerful weapon in the struggle for social progress.

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READERS' FORUM

Earl Browder in Los Angeles—What Is a Slum?—More on Smirnov's "Shakespeare"

● The stadium bleachers hold 8000 and in addition 3000 chairs were rented for the grass center of the bowl. It was expected (or hoped) that 10,000 people might show up and that the contributions (aside from the admission charges) would total $1000.

After this build-up, what actually happened was this: The stadium was packed. The bourgeois press estimated from 10,000 to 12,000 present. And since the entire C.P. membership in Los Angeles is but 1500, you can see the great number of sympathizers present. They came from all over, San Diego, San Pedro, Long Beach, etc. I believe that the only factor that kept the attendance down to that figure was the actual out-of-the-way location of the stadium. The collection speech raised, in place of $1000, actually $1000 in bills, some $700 in pledges, plus, at the time of the announcement, several hundreds in uncounted silver. Altogether, the collection amounted to more than $2000.

It was a most orderly meeting. Speeches, for the most part, were excellent and to the point. The only police present were the deputies from the sheriff's office who had been called upon by the C.P. to safeguard the funds. The Red Squad stayed away . . . and even had they been there, they would have been unable to do more than gnash their teeth. The meeting was so large, and so broad. Browder was immensely happy . . . for, don't forget, but four years ago, Foster came out here and was arrested after speaking at a sparsely attended street meeting. The advance was enormous.

I know that there were many people there (in fact I spoke to some after the meeting) who were having their first contact with the party, people who had been under the tutelage of such reactionaries as Martin Luther Thomas, a pastor on the radio here. Their reaction was: "This isn't what Thomas said Communism was like. This is different. There's nothing wrong with this. This *isn't* Communism, it's Americanism!" And did that give me a thrill!

L. N.

Mike Gold Replies

● I was not writing about the Gallup case primarily [NEW MASSES, Sept. 1], but giving a few personal impressions of the southwest and the regionalist school. I met some of the intellectuals who have been active in the Gallup defense. It takes as much courage, almost, to side with the workers in New Mexico as it would in Nazi Germany. I am glad Comrade Stevenson [Readers' Forum, NEW MASSES, Sept. 15] doesn't think I conciously forgot this minority of brave people.

But they are a minority; the great majority of middle-class southwesterners is still at the D. H. Lawrence stage, it seems to me; far behind similar groups in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles. Maybe it is the wrong tactic to say this openly, if one believes it; I don't know. But "mystics" with big bank accounts and servants, wealthy mystics who accept mass poverty as a natural part of the landscape, always set me to howling wildly. I didn't think this would injure the feelings of Comrade Stevenson, however.

As to the definition of "slum"; there are city slums, country slums; anywhere one sees extreme poverty concentrated is a slum, I should say. The Indian pueblos are places of extreme poverty and disease. So say the government reports; and one can see it with the naked eye. Why is it wrong to point this out? I lectured at the University of Albuquerque and mentioned this matter of Indian poverty. My statement aroused indignant denials, also. Why? Of course it is a different poverty from that found in Harlem or the East Side. But for a Marxist to say that it is a poverty due to barbarism and not to exploitation is strange indeed. Before white imperialism came, there was no tuberculosis, trachoma or similar poverty diseases among the Indians. How does Comrade Stevenson explain this? And why is John Collier, the best Commissioner the Indians have had, being fought so bitterly by the usual plutocratic groups? Somebody profits out of the backwardness and poverty of the Indians. I think the NEW MASSES ought to invite Comrade Stevenson to write an article outlining what he thinks a Marxist program for the Southwest. As it is, I don't quite follow him.

Bill James

MICHAEL GOLD.

Defending Smirnov

● Milton Howard's Review of Smirnov's *Shakespeare* (NEW MASSES, Sept. 15) reveals such important tendencies and symptoms that it merits, I believe, wide critical discussion. It is interesting to me to note that while in Howard's opinion, "Smirnov's study of Shakespeare is an example of what to avoid if our criticism is not to degenerate into the laying of a dead hand on a live thing," it is the opinion of Professor Bernard D. N. Grebanier, who teaches Shakespeare at Brooklyn College, that "Allowing, therefore, for numerous divergences of opinion with his author, [he] nevertheless is willing to observe that nowhere has there been compressed an equal content of pithiness, sound scholarship, fresh insight, and incisive thinking, as in these ninety-five pages." (*New Theatre,* September.)

In the method of Howard's analysis I detect two correlated and harmful tendencies: there is a premature seeking for a perfectionism for which there has not yet been sufficient development, especially in the scanty and fragmentary criticism of Shakespeare; and there is a sinking into a "Red æstheticism" which seems to me to be an excessive reaction to the consciousness that much of American left-wing criticism has been over-simplified and "mechanical." Instead of perceiving that in the *process* of the development of a Marxian criticism of Shakespeare Smirnov has made, despite many deficiencies, a positive, valuable contribution, Howard has condemned him for not doing what Smirnov did not set out to do—indeed, for not doing what Marxian criticism of Shakespeare is *at present* not yet prepared to do. Howard has, I think, misconstrued the problem that Smirnov set himself. "For Marxism," Howard writes, "the basic problem of literary analysis is to clarify the way in which social, historic, and political events enter into a work of art, to clarify the *relation* of non-æsthetic to æsthetic values." In the process of solving this basic problem, however, it is first necessary to define Shakespeare's class locus, his relation to his society and its class conflicts. This definition was his chief purpose.

Howard, however, seems to believe that these definitions of Shakespeare's class relations are "extraneous considerations," and that these considerations spoil one's "æsthetic" reaction to a play. I cite the following as *one* example: "While a critic like Hegel sees in *Lear* 'an extraordinary unity of unrestricted evil' [what *is* a unity of evil?], Smirnov preposterously sees the play as 'the first humanist English tragedy dedicated to the problem of the necessity for a rigid law of succession.' If the first judgment is a purely moral one, the second is so *irrelevant* as to become *a barrier between us and any aesthetic experience of the play.*" (My emphasis.) It is significant that Howard does not say Smirnov's judgmen' is erroneous, but that it is not relevant. Why? Doe not this kind of statement approach dangerousl close to the art-for-art's-sake notion that nothing i relevant but the "art-form" and the "æsthete"?

A similar contradiction is forced by Howard be tween the artist's ideology and his technique. How ard doesn't know what to say of a critic (Smirnov "who thinks that the 'passionate and unaffected lan guage' of Romeo after he meets Juliet is due not t the dramatist's art, depicting the deepening of char acter in the presence of a powerfully felt emotion, but to his 'struggle against feudalism.'" Can one be satisfied with the blind-alley statement that something is "due to the dramatist's art"? And is there any necessary contradiction between a dramatist's struggling against a feudal aristocracy and his using his art to achieve the effects that make this struggle apparent? Even bourgeois critics, in commenting on Romeo's change of language, describe it as a change from the courtly euphemism to the "language of the heart." Smirnov, it seems to me, gives this general observation a *class* meaning. When Howard, therefore, asserts that "The fundamental failing of Smirnov's method . . . is that he seeks to evaluate Shakespeare's art simply as ideology," he is unjust Smirnov; Smirnov wants primarily to define ideology in terms of the central ideas of each plays, and secondarily to suggest how Shake ideology and social attitudes affected some technical aspects of the plays.

Towards the end of his review, Howard on his own interpretation: "I believe that h ...parable sense of moral and intellectual emancipation is due to the fact that Shakespeare's maturity coincided with a moment in English history when the nationalist-absolutist revolution against feudalism surged to a height of triumph which cleared the air of all taint of medieval hatred of life, and which held for about two decades permitting the most daring exploration of the soul, before the counter-revolution set in." I find this about as illuminating as the common statement that Shakespeare "is a man of the Renaissance"; certainly less illuminating than Smirnov: ". . . he reached maturity during the epoch of peaceful collaboration of the ruling nobility with the big bourgeoisie under the protection of the then progressive royal power." Smirnov, moreover, does not assume, as Howard does, that the two decades were uniform; he shows instead that there were considerable changes of importance taking place, and that Shakespeare was not insensitive to them.

There are many other questionable passages in Howard's review (including what amounts sometimes to distortion of Smirnov's statements) that I should like to challenge did space permit. It is more important, however, to call attention to the need of more serious consideration of Smirnov's positive contribution, his definition of Shakespeare as "the humanist ideologist of the bourgeoisie" of his time. That Smirnov is guilty of faults and excesses is undeniable. It may be contended that no one should have presumed to attempt so comprehensive a work in so small a space until many more extended and analytical essays on each one of the plays had been written (such as T. A. Jackson's treatment of Falstaff in *International Literature,* No. 2, 1936). But such a contention would divide too mechanically the process of synthesis and analysis: Smirnov should stimulate further analyses of each play, and these will contribute to a more definitive synthesis. And I doubt whether, when the tradition of Marxian criticism of Shakespeare is more fully formed, Smirnov's contribution will be scorned or forgotten.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Education and Politics

THE other day we revisited our alma mater under somewhat touching circumstances. We accompanied our godson, fifteen, to the dormitory where his father and your editor lived during the war, and went to the freshman reception which the dean gave at his house. The dean was startled at the passage of time. Think of it, a second generation was coming under his tutelage! We, on the other hand, noted the changes on the campus, the new library, the additional dorm, the removal of the football field to another part of the city, and the inclusion of the Liberty League in the official college handbook as a club which the students ght to join. There is, of course, a branch of the American ent Union on the campus, also one of the Young Com- st League, but these are not listed in the official hand- whose editors seem to have the proper regard for the nillionaire trustees.

Eheu fugaces! Time passes not only for college deans, and when you see the Liberty League in the official handbook of a once liberal university you know that things have happened to the U.S.A. True, this particular university had a wild spasm of reaction during the war; it fired several professors and students for their pacifism. But this was due to what used to be called war hysteria. Now we are living in times of peace (or are we?) and the reactionary mood is stronger among college trustees than ever before.

As we watched our young godson laying out his books, socks (black), and ties in the old dormitory, we could not help thinking that the opening of the schools will revive the campaign of the tories to impose their reactionary ideas upon students and teachers everywhere.

The public is familiar with certain aspects of this campaign, notably the Hearst-inspired McNaboe "Red"-investigation bill in New York State and the teachers' loyalty oaths, also a Hearst idea. It is not so familiar, perhaps, with less spectacular but equally poisonous attempts to corrupt the student youth in the spirit of fascism. Groups other than the Liberty League are active in schools, among them the Student Patriots and the Student Americaneers.

The Hearst-Landon-Liberty League crowd is determined to stamp out free thought in this country, as Hitler did in Germany and Mussolini in Italy. They do not have the frankness of the Japanese military-fascist government which calls its program "thought control," but the idea is the same.

The most striking example of the reaction's interference with academic freedom is the case of Bob Burke at Columbia University. Burke was president of the Junior class, a member of the Delta Chi fraternity, a Golden Gloves boxing champion, an excellent scholar. Yet the authorities dismissed him because he took part in the protest against Columbia's acceptance of the Heidelberg invitation. Apparently the Columbia authorities consider it a crime to oppose fascism.

"Teaching peace is one thing, Miss Murgentroyd, but opposition to war is quite another."

This, however, is only one side of the picture. There is a brighter, a more hopeful side. If the reaction is greater than it was a decade ago, it is also true that the student today is more socially conscious, more politically alert, better organized. Columbia students are now negotiating with the authorities for the reinstatement of Bob Burke. If he is not reinstated, the students will start a nation-wide campaign in his behalf. They already have the support of the American Federation of Teachers and the American Civil Liberties Union. They will no doubt get the support of thousands of students throughout the country. For the case of Bob Burke is symbolic of the student's struggle to think and act for himself on issues facing the American people.

Browder, Not Roosevelt

LAST week the NEW MASSES published an editorial exposing the Chicago *Tribune* lie that the Communists are backing Roosevelt. Subsequently, the White House got wind of the Hearst series propagating the same lie. President Roosevelt issued a statement exposing Hearst. He was followed by Earl Browder, who cited his acceptance speech at Madison Square Garden in which he said: "We do not commit ourselves to Roosevelt in any way. . . . Our position towards Roosevelt is clear. We do not cancel a word of our criticism of Roosevelt. We do not and will not take any responsibility for him." Hearst's reply to the President's exposure of his lies was to say that Roosevelt has received the support of the "Karl Marx Socialists, the Frankfurter radicals, Communists, and Anarchists, the Tugwell Bolsheviks, and the Richberg revolutionists." If Frankfurter is a Communist, if Tugwell is a Bolshevik, if Richberg is a revolutionist, then Hearst is an honest man. The fact is, Communists are urging you to vote for Browder and Ford.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Harvard class of 1911—Spender's stories—O'Faolain and Callaghan

TWENTY-FIVE years after Commencement, Mr. Tunis reports on the men with whom he set forth from Harvard. They entered a world in which, through inheritance or family connections, most of them seemed certain of "success." Despite the depression the overwhelming number of the author's classmates achieved a large measure of what they were after. Mr. Tunis's cynicism is not induced by the ten percent now living on government relief or the larger percentage affected in some way by the crisis. Far more revealing are the mediocrity, limitations, and blindness of those who are moderately or enormously successful. Despite—or with the help of—a Harvard education, they have become solid citizens, bulwarks of the community, and living evidence that no man, however dull and spiritless, can bore himself to death.

With the aid of questionnaires, personal histories, and interviews, Mr. Tunis has reconstructed a critical picture of his college playmates.* Born into the best families, or families which were striving to attain respectability, they went to Harvard because well-bred young men were expected to do so. It was equally appropriate for them to abstain from any educational excesses, to recognize that the amenities were more important than Aristotle, to appreciate that "success" meant wealth, social standing, and a correct marriage. The John Reeds—Reed himself was graduated a year before Mr. Tunis—would be lonesome fellows to be avoided after graduation. Their creativeness, their independence, their imagination did not harmonize with the smugness which surrounded them. Harvard "1911" allowed none of his professors to stir him, no impulse for learning to become habitual.

Was college worth while for Mr. Tunis's classmates? For some it was a necessary avenue to the professions and to scientific work. For a few it gave glimpses of knowledge and awareness. The vast majority, enjoying four years of relaxation, remained free of intellectual distractions. Since their graduation they have witnessed a world war, a Russian revolution, a spectacular boom, and a more resounding crisis, a panoramic series of events which have jarred all the certainties of 1911. In the same period they have had cocktails before dinner, polo ponies, fabulous or at least definite economic security, stifling their curiosity and leaving them hostile to change. The upheavals outside their window have been a troublesome, bewildering noise, to be silenced by the prayed-for election of Landon. This is the success for which they have fought and bargained, or which their fathers presented to them. The vitality of living is heightened only by a crusade against a man in the White House who "betrayed" them.

More acute is the plight of those who sense the impact of events. If their economic resources have been swept away, they are adrift without refuge. If their minds have revolted against orthodoxy, all their training prevents them from embracing any positive hope. Knowing that a breakdown has taken place and that their world is slipping from under them, they can only lament the confusion of the times. The vision and independence which might have aided them were long ago removed. The patient has been an invalid ever since. Their colleagues can at least vote Republican for solace.

The implications of this book for the class of 1940 are plain. Mr. Tunis has left many things unsaid, perhaps out of sentimental affection and because he hesitates to name the disease. Only a Walter Lippmann could evade the meaning of this survey. Harvard "1911" achieved the maximum of success, as defined by our colleges and those who finance them. He sacrificed learning, leadership, identification with any progressive cause, for a good job and a Smith girl who, Mr. Tunis finds, usually bred more children than Radcliffe wives. Although the opportunities for such success are almost negligible now, the illusion is still held forth. There are powerful incentives for adherence to those "standards" of belief and behavior which capitalism has made a prerequisite of its rewards. That these rewards were, at best, meager and unsatisfactory was the lesson of our predecessors. The question is far more deep-seated than the value of college. Was this way of life, this acquiescence, this concession, worth while? Has Walter Lippmann obtained more fullness, more genuine gratification from his surrender than the Harvard boy whose name is known wherever workers meet and wherever the fight for justice goes forward? It is revealing that, in present-day student insurgence, students of wealth and "background" are often playing a positive, progressive role. So remote are the chances of palatable success, so steep the compromises demanded, so plain the collapse of the foundation upon which that success was built, that the choice is far less difficult now. Social change is an intimate personal concern rather than an ambiguous, daring venture to be dropped for the good salaries of maturity. There are, at best, few good salaries around; there is certainly no long and peaceful interim in which they can be enjoyed.

Amiably and often pointedly written, despite the abundance of facts and figures, *Was College Worth While?* will cause no jubilation in the Harvard Club. Despite considerable irrelevancy, this chart of the class of 1911 is eminently meaningful. In twenty-five years its achievement has been scrupulous conformity. Its failure has been the failure of a society. The Harvard boys of 1911 were the privileged heirs to a tottering throne.

JAMES WECHSLER.

* WAS COLLEGE WORTH WHILE? *by John R. Tunis. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $2.

Dead Souls

THE BURNING CACTUS, *by Stephen Spender. Random House.* $2.

THE title of Mr. Spender's recent volume of criticism suggests a major theme of his poetry and fiction: "The destructive element" in modern life. The five stories in *The Burning Cactus* (written over a period of three years) reinforce the central experience of Mr. Spender's first volume of poems. The key symbol of the first poem ("Icarus Mid-Ocean-Drowned") was amplified throughout the volume until its most explicit statement in the final poem ("Drive of a Ruining Purpose"). In the poems, however, the image of ruin was contrasted with the telescoped image of light and sound ("the trumpeter, the sun" and "Watch the admiring dawn explode like a shell"); and this alternation ambiguously figured the antagonism between a moribund capitalism and a nascent communism.

In the stories, the destructive element is transferred from the plane of imagery to the plane of character. The burning indignation of "Vienna" is replaced by the Jamesian detachment of his story "Two Deaths," which deals with the same tragic days of the fascist putsch in Austria. The political theme is transferred into a psychological theme,

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and the principle of destruction becomes at once the embodiment of a metaphysical obliterative will and the incarnation of Freudian doctrine.

Many of the main characters are confused young men with sometimes obscure and sometimes explicit homosexual drives. One is a solipsist with an unconquerable push to suicide who will some day drink himself to death with a bottle of hair tonic; he is the artist who is driven back into his own shell by a civilization which reserves its prizes for the builders of battleships. Another is a jealous young man who will be endlessly consumed by his trivial defeatism and by fear of his own illusions. Still another is a spoiled son of the rich whose desires are frustrated by his companion's religiosity.

Mr. Spender's effort to make ambidextrous use of Freud and Marx is not altogether successful. It leads him to allegorical representation, precisely what one would suppose he is attempting to avoid. In avoiding a mechanical materialism, he turns to an equally mechanical psychology. For his characters, the decadence of society being assumed, become symptomatic expressions rather than three-dimensional personalities. The case history of each is a generalized history, a composite clinical record. The meaning of each character is derived, so to speak, from abstract revelations to a psychiatrist in a darkened room, rather than from the stubborn relations of personality to real life. Because the world is shadowy in these stories, the men and women are pale. The destructive element is an entity flourishing within the individual, and it is more often than not the reflection of an eternal idea inherent in the universe than of a specfic flaw in the transaction between the individual and his environment. Mr. Spender's remarkable gift of expression does not conceal this difficulty.

WALTER RALSTON.

Looking Backward

BIRD ALONE, *by Sean O'Faolain. Viking Press.* $2.50.

NOT only is *Bird Alone* inferior to *A Nest of Simple Folk;* it is inferior in a disturbing way. O'Faolain's first novel painted on a broad canvas the national revolutionary movement in Ireland. It was romantic and tinged with a vague regret for the past, but it was nevertheless alive. *Bird Alone* is weak in conception and elegiac in tone. Shrewd critics might have predicted, after reading *A Nest of Simple Folk,* that nostalgia was O'Faolain's great danger, but they could scarcely have anticipated so purely nostalgic a novel as this. When a writer does not see the past clearly, one always suspects it is because he is refusing to look squarely at the present. So many writers have succumbed to preoccupation with a fancied past, a past arbitrarily reshaped to meet subjective needs, that we are justified in feeling alarm for O'Faolain's future.

This is not to say that the young Irishman has lost his power of evocation. There are extraordinarily fine scenes in *Bird Alone*: the visit of Corney's grandfather to his school; the arrival of the news of Parnell's death; the call on the Condoorums; the trip to London to see Christy in prison. Over the streets and houses of Cork O'Faolain lingers with a fondness that is truly touching.

But the memorable scenes and the poetic richness of the style emphasize the weakness of the conception. The theme is the isolation of an individual from the life of his contemporaries through the collapse of his patriotic hopes, the loss of his religious faith, and the death of his mistress. The destruction of revolutionary dreams because of the failure of Parnell is the most movingly presented of these three motifs, but even here one feels that the Parnell episode is arbitrarily separated from Irish revolutionary history. Corney's religious disillusionment is barely sketched. And the death of Elsie is curiously unconvincing. In the end the reader does not much care what happens to Corney Crone, for Corney has about as much organic relationship to the exquisite scenes written around him as a dummy in a shop window has to the beautiful clothes it is used to exhibit.

The cruelest comment one can make on *Bird Alone* is to suggest that it be compared with *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* Twenty years ago James Joyce, looking at the Ireland of his boyhood, understood it, judged it, and made his plans for the future. Today O'Faolain looks at approximately the same Ireland—and sighs and sighs.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Little People

NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE, *by Morley Callaghan. Random House.* $2.

NEITHER the title story nor the pastel-colored jacket of lovers under starlight does justice to Morley Callaghan's best in this volume of thirty-five short stories. "All the Years of Her Life," "The Shining Red Apple," "The Blue Kimono," and "Two Fishermen," to mention the topnotchers, are memorable and exciting in a way that some of the lesser stories are not. Yet one thing all the stories have in common, an expert, honest craftsmanship, insight, and complete credibility. Callaghan is interested in the little man, and this interest endows small concerns with variety, clarity, and a kind of intensity that gives the stature of human dignity to every individual he handles. His respect for people and his genuine liking for them is an important attribute. He never looks down on his people; he is, at best, inside their very skins. This attitude toward his people naturally engulfs the world in which they move. One is not always as conscious of that world as it would be possible to be, but Callaghan's attitude is nevertheless unmistakable. It is a very Christian one and in none of these stories can one find that the go-getter is honored, that the law is respected as such, that property is valued above human life.

In "Day by Day" and "Possession" all the humiliation, fear, and resentment that men out of work feel are given, with a kind of added insight into the peculiar ache of the individual in question. In "The Rejected One" Callaghan is distinctly on the side of the common girl whose rich earthiness is lost on the snobbish relatives of her lover. In "The Snob" we sympathize both with the father and the boy who rejects his father. The implication of

"I'm glad we went to Nuremberg. At the Olympics we never would have guessed that all you fun-loving Nazis had your serious side, too."

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many of these stories, on the surface innocent-appearing little tales, is often far-reaching. Callaghan's sympathies are on the side of the man who is continually braving defeat. This often leads him to follow the man to the extinction of the situation in its wider implications. The very quality that enables Callaghan to make clear a baffling cross-section of human behavior also takes him off the main track to an area that seems a little too surcharged with minor feeling. To illustrate, the best stories of the book are more deeply embedded with background and social criticism than the weaker stories. Even "Now That April's Here," excellent and competent as it is, has a curious atmosphere of being once-removed from the more living materials of a story like "All the Years of Her Life." In the latter a mother saves her boy who has been petty-stealing from arrest, and even though the emphasis is on the mother and her relationship to her son, everything else comes into the story too, all the insecurity and the hope wasted, the integrity gone to pot under the lash of limited opportunities and a doubtful future. In "Two Fishermen" Callaghan comes closest to a full, alive awareness that can exist between concern for the individual and understanding of his function in society. Here the hangman is the sympathetic character and yet how ironic is that sympathy, condemning as it does the society that has made the hangman its unconscious tool and victim. When one sees how deftly Callaghan can clinch a theme like this with irony and completeness one cannot help but hope he will continue to grapple with the broader implications of his own work. His kindness often handicaps him in a too general sympathy. In "Two Fishermen" and in some of the stories dealing directly with men out of work, one feels bitterness rise, unswathed in tender compensations, and it is excellent going. But this volume represents a very real contribution to an understanding of a whole class of society, little people, not yet aware what it is all about, seeking panaceas in love, in religion, in small moments, and this is true of this class, and when Mr. Callaghan's vision by ironic implication or juxtaposition of materials hints at the larger issues involved he becomes his best and very good that is.

JOSEPHINE HERBST.

Negative Liberalism

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS ABROAD, *by Henry Russell Spencer. Henry Holt & Co.* $3.50.

THIS issue of the American Political Science Series is explicitly "designed for the use of American College students" interested in comparative governmental structure "and the traditions and social forces that are most active and influential upon it." Aside from the descriptions of the mechanical operation of governmental set-

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SAVING FROM $40 TO $100 ON TIRES

Whether you equip your car with one brand of tires or with another may mean an actual difference in cost to you of from forty to a hundred dollars in each 25,000 driving miles. A report in this issue, based on actual road tests of over 300 tires, shows striking differences in mileage costs of leading brands. Twelve brands, including Firestone, Goodyear, U. S., Dunlop, Federal and Goodrich, are rated in this report—three as "Best Buys," six as "Also Acceptable" and three as "Not Acceptable." (*Note—this report is not in the $1 limited edition.*) The current issue also reports on women's fall coats (including fleece, tweed, fur and fur-trimmed coats), men's and women's rubbers, hot water bottles, and other products. The labor conditions under which many of the products are made are also described.

A TYPICAL CONSUMERS UNION TEST

Results of 4 out of 19 laboratory tests made on the shoes mentioned above.

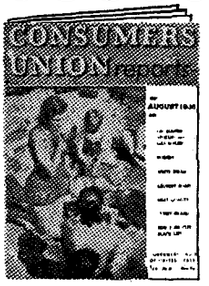
	Brand X	Brand Y
Number of abrasive strokes on test machines required to wear out equal thicknesses of soles	32169	43171
Number of pounds per inch required to tear or pull apart inner sole	284	638
Number of pounds required to burst outer vamp lining	261	319
Number of pounds per inch required to tear or pull apart vamp leather	103	131
Total rating on all of 19 points	604	854

SEVEN BEST BUYS IN WHISKIES

Clear heads should call for one of the seven "Best Buys" out of thirty-two leading brands of American whiskies—but *not* for any of the nine rated by liquor experts as "Not Acceptable" in the current issue. To the left is one of the seven best buys—to the right, one of the most popular American brands—selling at the same price but listed as "Not Acceptable." This report—the first of a series of three on liquors and wines—also covers Scotch and Canadian whiskies. Included in the ratings are Seagram's, Vat 69, Calvert's, Old Overholt, Mt. Vernon, Hiram Walker and other well-known brands.

Coming!—RATINGS OF ELECTRIC RAZORS

Do electric shavers give as close or as good a shave as ordinary safety razors? Are they faster or slower? Will they cut or irritate the skin? Of three electric shavers, including two nationally advertised makes, only one is rated in the coming issue of *Consumers Union Reports* as a "Best Buy"—the others as "Not Acceptable." Ratings will also be given in this issue of leading brands of gins, cordials and brandies. Coming issues will rate ordinary safety razors, razor blades, shirts, socks, canned fruits and vegetables, drugs, cosmetics and many other products.



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THE NATION accepts the challenge of the intelligent minority to disclose the facts behind the news and to interpret them authoritatively from the progressive point of view.

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In addition to campaign commentary, The Nation will continue Joseph Wood Krutch's provocative series on "How Dead Is Liberalism?" Mr. Krutch bases his articles on recent conversations with five of Europe's most distinguished intellectuals.

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ups (for which this book should prove serviceable) this work is interesting for the estimate of the social intelligence of the American collegiate body in general and of Professor Spencer's Ohio State political science students in particula , which is implied by its treatment of historical and contemporary social influences. Consider, for example, what the level of sophisticated collegiate intelligence is assumed to be from the following discussion of imperialism explicity designed for it:

"What imperialism is may not be here determined; the mighty debate is not yet finished. . . . It may be that imperialism is caused by a differential of culture level which produces, almost by instinct, a relation of domination and subservience. . . ."

It may very well be, of course, that what Peter tells us about Paul reveals more about Peter than about Paul. The above citation sounds like an ideological justification of jim-crowism and perhaps defines Professor Spencer's level of social intelligence much more clearly than it does that of his students. In any case, this is by no means an isolated example. Professor Spencer is an ardent practitioner of that species of negative liberalism which consists mainly in ferreting misinformation from all sides. Thus Italian Fascism in its most recent stage is characterized as "Absolutist Revolution"; Hitler's Third Reich is declared to be "emphatically not a Conservative restoration" and definitely to the left of Social Democracy; and on the other side of the fence, we hear that "personal liberty . . . plays no part whatsoever in the whole Soviet scheme of political and economic life" (despite the fact that Prof. Spencer shows an awareness of the new Soviet constitution); and that "Moscow, by its pontifical definitions of orthodoxy [page 308] directs the propaganda, the program and personnel, of the other sections [of the Third International] in a high handed fashion" (p. 271). A crowning piece of professorial perspicacity: "what really distinguishes the Communist from the Fascist and Nazi dictatorship . . . is no formal recognition of a Duce or Führer."

This eloquent innocence of class forces operating in any given historical situation is manifested also in his reading of past history. Thus the English Revolution of 1689 appears as no more than a "political turning point"; and it turns out, after all these years, that Lenin just walked into Russia and "brought off" the revolution.

The characterization of Communists proceeds in rote fashion from the epithets "inhuman," "arrogant," "fanatical," and "opportunist" (the last two applied to Lenin), to an extended analogy between Communism and religion, interspersed throughout the volume. *Das Kapital* becomes the Bible, and Lenin's writings become the "sacred texts"; to agitate becomes to preach, propagandize becomes gospelize; the program of realistic class struggle is metamorphosed into the church militant, and the Communist Party itself via several centuries of historical dislocation turns up finally as the Society of Jesus (which, incidentally, was originally organized as the explicit agent of a counter-revolution, as the professor probably knows). This reminds one of the somber spoofing of some innocent, unwittingly about to step off a precipice. Misrepresentation turns into a profound disservice, however, once the professor gets around to baldly asserting that the Communist International is "absolutely opposed to the Socialist parties in other countries" and that the "Communist point of view" is "directly opposite to the democratic." Obviously the Webbs' book on the Soviet Union listed in his bibliography has been ignored for what it had to say about Soviet Democracy. But Isaac Don Levine, Hearst's *spetz,* and listed in Professor Spencer's bibliography, has been diligently applied to, as we realize when the "impartial" professor begins to talk about the "horror" of the Soviet "dungeons" and "the indignity of its torturing methods."

PETER YORK.

Though Not Marxists

HITLER, *by Rudolf Olden. Covici-Friede.* $3.
HITLER, *Konrad Heiden. Knopf.* $3.

WE who have lived to see it come, we who have made jokes about his *Bärtchen* and his shallow voice, his empty theories and the greasy hair covering his characterless skull; we are still a little surprised that he rose to become a historic figure. We are still surprised that millions tremble before him, shout up to him their hysteric "Heil!" and that millions hate him with a hatred which you—who are not Germans and don't know what we have lost and what we have suffered—will never fully understand. Sometimes it is like a terrible dream. Couldn't we wake up in the morning and smile happily that the nightmare is over?

I don't voice only my feelings. This impression of a nightmare hovering over the earth, the unreal element in the phenomenon, Hitler, is much more frequently and intensely felt than we, with all our education in Marxism, would expect.

We German anti-fascists were taken by surprise in those days of January 1933. But the outside world is still being taken by surprise today! Every political outrage committed by the Nazis, every slap in the face of humanity puzzles this face more and more—the world is shaken between awe and fear. The childish myth of grandeur projected by the Führer himself has spread over the world. The world should learn by the experience we German anti-fascists had to go through. First, we underestimated the danger—then we were shocked by the realization of what really had happened to us. Now, we slowly have begun to find our way back to reality. We calculate the forces, we investigate the reasons and motives, and

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we are mapping out the plans for the future.

On this way back to reality the two books by Olden and Heiden have been of great help to us. History, if used in the right way, is a living science and will be used to make better history. The translation of the books has to fulfill the one task already mentioned: to be a lesson for you, friends.

Some of you try to simplify the matter, you are using our old vocabulary: "Hitler? Hitler is a puppet in the hand of capital." Or something like that. He is more than just that.

Some of you shrink in fear or admiration. I have heard hundreds of you question me: "This Austrian house-painter—how could he?" Don't be astonished and don't be afraid. Look at the forces moving and look at the situations developing, try to weigh the personalities and the necessities of our economic life. Olden says:

> Once an event has taken place, it is all too tempting to think of it as inevitable. This is how some, and particularly some of his enemies, have looked at Hitler's victory. But it is hard to believe that the privileged classes in Germany were forced to bring about the National Socialist dictatorship in order to defend themselves against the menace of revolutionary forces. These forces were not a danger in themselves. But was the State, without Hitler's help, powerful enough to keep them down?
>
> The problem has to be looked at in this way: could a dictatorship have been set up without him, in opposition to him?

Here *is* a problem. It is only one of the many facing those who are fortunate enough to be able to look at them from a relatively quiet point of this world. We must face these problems. We must try to learn. Olden's and Heiden's books do not differ much in their basic value as schoolbooks for anti-fascists. There are mistakes in them; neither Olden nor Heiden are Marxists. But they have learnt from Marx; every historian, if he is an honest historian, has learnt from Marx. And both books compile an immense amount of material, some of which has never been made available to the public. Read these books, friends, and learn. For one day you may need in this country what you have learnt from mine, from Germany.

STEFAN HEYM.

Brief Reviews

A GENIUS IN THE FAMILY, *by Hiram Percy Maxim. Harper & Bros.* $2.

In this portrait "through a small son's eyes" we have no occasion to learn that Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim, the most charming of fathers, was the inventor of the Maxim machine gun and one of the founders of the Vickers armament industry, nor that Hiram Percy Maxim, the most trusting of sons, was the inventor of the Maxim Silencer, the use of which was prohibited by most of the State Legislatures. Nor do we learn that Hudson Maxim, another member of the family, was the inventor of Maximite, a high-power explosive for armor-piercing shells. But in this fascinating and quite unusual biography, which recaptures a child's impressions with convincing naturalness, we do learn that in their personal lives capitalists and armament manufacturers

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may be very pleasant people and that economic systems play a more important part in shaping events than do personal characteristics.

ROBERT GORDON.

GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY, *by C. E. M. Joad. Random House.* $2.50.

A notable achievement—a popularization that never falls into vulgarization. Probably the most readable and satisfactory general summary of the main philosophical systems drawn to their latest developments.

LETTERS TO AN ARTIST FROM VINCENT VAN GOGH, *with an introduction by Walter Pach. Illustrated. Viking Press.* $3.50.

The letters were written to Anton Ridder Van Rappard, a mediocre artist. They reflect the generous and impassioned temperament and the troubled life of his great friend. It is to be hoped that this handsome volume will stimulate the reissue in an inexpensive edition, with this newly unearthed correspondence as a supplement, of the expensively published previous edition of Van Gogh's letters.

★

Also Published This Week

(A listing of important new books not necessarily recommended.)

Saint Joan of Arc, by V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran. $3. Biography.

My Life in the Russian Theatre, by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Little, Brown. $3.75.

Prophet of America, by Newton Dillaway. Little, Brown. $3. Interpretation of Emerson.

Whiteoak Harvest, by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown. $2.50. Novel.

The Anatomy of Frustration, by H. G. Wells. Macmillan. $2.

The Trouble I've Seen, by Martha Gellhorn. William Morrow. $2.50. Fiction based on the author's experience as reporter investigating living conditions among the unemployed.

Jin Sheng: The Root of Life, by Mikhail Prishvin. Putnam. $1.75. Naturalism and philosophy.

Moscow Skies, by Maurice Hindus. Random House. $2.50. Fiction.

Mainland, by Gilbert Seldes. Scribner's. $2.50. Political and economic commentaries.

Recently Recommended

The Bells of Basel, by Louis Aragon. Translated from the French by Haakon M. Chevalier. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Revolutionary novel.

Hail Caesar, by David Darrah. Hale, Cushman & Flint. $2.50. Observations on Fascist Italy.

A Time to Remember, by Leane Zugsmith. Random House. $2.50. Book Union selection.

The Rise of Liberalism, by Harold J. Laski. Harper. $3. Political science.

The People, Yes, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Poetry.

Travels in Two Democracies, by Edmund Wilson. Harcourt. Brace. $2.50. On the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.

The Flowering of New England, by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $4. Criticism.

T. H. Huxley's Diary of the Voyage of H.M.S. Rattlesnake. Edited by Julian Huxley. Doubleday, Doran. $3. Science.

This Final Crisis, by Allen Hutt. International. $2. Economics.

Easter Week, by Brian O'Neill. International. 60c. Irish history.

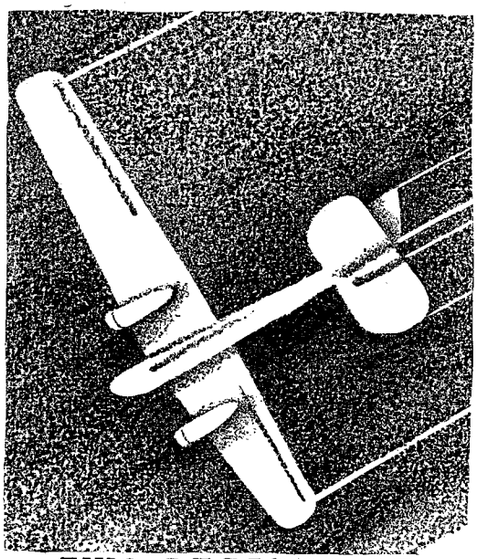
The Olive Field. by Ralph Bates. Dutton. $2.50. Novel.

Eyes on Japan, by Victor A. Yakhontoff. Coward McCann. $3.50. International relations.

The Big Money, by John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Novel.

Skutarevsky, by Leonid Leonov. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Novel.

Essays, Ancient and Modern, by T. S Eliot. Harcourt, Brace. $2. Criticism.



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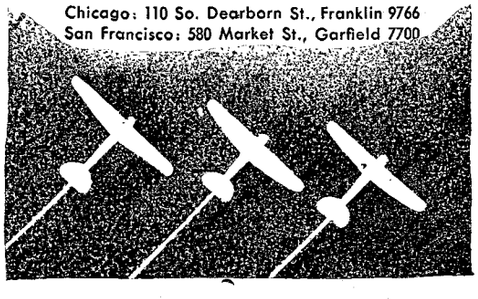

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Max Miller and the movies, including "My Man Godfrey"—Some new popular recordings

MAX MILLER, the author of *I Cover the Waterfront,* worked in a Hollywood studio for eight days; then he was fired and wrote an honest, sensitive, and naïve book about it called *For the Sake of Shadows* (Dutton, $2). While he was there he got a letter requesting a short piece for the bulletin of the striking Newark *Ledger* reporters. The person who wrote the letter referred to "some of the old gang on the West Coast who have been delivered from the chain gang by the movies" and Miller promised to do the piece, saying, "No, this is a chain gang too. . . . But a different kind of chain gang. Our chains here are of platinum."

For Miller to see good writers working in Hollywood "is as repulsive as observing full-grown men sitting in kindergarten seats cutting out paper tulips and desperately anxious for teacher to give them a good grade. . . . We may have been writers once, but now we are something else for which there is no name." The relationship of a Hollywood writer to his ex-cronies on a capitalist paper is that of "A whore in a Riverside Drive apartment waving ever so slightly to her former roommate, Dottie, down on the street." The spectacle of a good writer leaving for Hollywood is "the same as a scientist forsaking his test-tubes to sell patent liver-cures to the idiots [sic] of the Tennessee mountains."

Max Miller envies the birds. "They are chirping down at me. They do not have to sign things" or make donations to Merriam's election campaign. Now there is nothing wrong with envying birds off and on. For my part I'd give up a double-header with Hubbell pitching both games for a chance to be a pigeon during one of Father Coughlin's open-air rallies. The rub comes when Miller writes that "To ridicule studios is not logical. It would be logical if the studios were a philanthropical institution of art. But studios are a factory for making money the same as any other factory is for the purpose of making money." Happily, Miller doesn't follow this precept, because in his own quiet way he does ridicule the studios.

How COULD he help but? Aside from the damage they do to the minds not only of the "idiots" but of the sane people in Tennessee nd the world, there is something ridiculous bout these mad, unconscious Hollywood criminals. Here they have a picture current at the Radio City Music Hall, *My Man Godfrey.* It's funny and slick, and it's going to make money for Universal as it already has for its authors, actors, and director, but in a minor way it's ridiculous too and pathetic.

No reviewer would run the risk of being called a serious young person by suggesting that this picture is a slap in the face of every man who has ever lived in a Hooverville. After all, it's meant to be a farce and it makes fun of rich people too and does it well. There is no harm in explaining that Hooverville folk are predominantly bankers who insist on giving up their personal fortune to reimburse ruined depositors—yes, and wealthy Boston aristocrats who chuck it all by leaving their wealth to the mistresses who jilt them. These are sound motivations and not even hidebound radicals can complain of having their credulity imposed upon, because look at *The General Died at Dawn;* isn't that full of prizefighters who quit the ring because they're afraid of hurting their opponents and of Chinese war lords who have their army commit suicide to oblige the ex-boxer? Perhaps Max Miller is right, possibly it is unfair to ridicule the studios.

Possibly it is going a little too far to say that *My Man Godfrey* is a slap in the face of Hooverville inhabitants, because authors Ryskind and Hatch more than atone for any hypothetical misrepresentations by having the derelicts reclaim themselves completely and in glorious wise. Who but the most resourceful of derelicts could think of establishing a night club on a garbage dump by the East River? Who but William Powell and his little moustache?

And where does William Powell find his inspiration? He finds it in Carole Lombard. Carole and Gail Patrick are sisters. They come upon William in the course of a scavenger hunt but he doesn't know what a scavenger hunt is, so Carole explains that it's "just like a treasure hunt, except in a treasure hunt you find something you want and in a scavenger hunt you find things you don't want [derelicts] and the one who wins gets a prize, only there really isn't any prize, it's the honor of winning, because all the money goes to charity if there's any money left over, but then there never is."

"If that's Earl Browder again I'll scream!"

After a while they fall in love and get married and it's a good thing he comes from an old, conservative Boston family, because heredity is very important, especially in case of children. At first he pretends not to love her, but she finds out he does because otherwise he wouldn't have got angry enough to shove her, fully dressed, into that cold shower. Gail Patrick looks like Mary Astor, but she's only a featured player now. Soon maybe she will get married and divorced and write a diary and more people will come to see her and then maybe Universal will make her a star.

EDWARD NEWHOUSE.

MUSIC

THE NEW recordings of popular stuff include several items worthy of comment.

BENNY GOODMAN QUARTET: "Dinah" and "Moonglow." This group, consisting of Benny himself, Gene Krupa, drums; Teddy Wilson, piano; plus Lionel Hampton, vibraphones; collaborate in two sides that have an abundance of swing and an ingenious flow of ideas. The first side is preferable, because of some doubtful harmony during the vibraphone passages in "Moonglow" (Victor 25398).

BENNY GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA: The recent Victor records by this great orchestra, "Pick Yourself Up," "Down South Camp Meeting," "You Turned the Tables On Me," and the soon-to-be released "Bugle Call Rag" are definitely below par. Better wait until his next recording session.

HENRY ALLEN, JR. AND HIS ORCHESTRA: "When Did You Leave Heaven," "Algiers Stomp." A great Negro trumpet player assembles some moderately talented virtuosi and turns out very pleasant records. The first side has a swell vocal and very soulful horn passages (Vocalion 3302).

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA: "Echoes of Harlem," "Clarinet Lament." Once this was the greatest band in the country, but the bogy of showmanship and Art have somewhat crippled it. Cootie Williams dominates the first side with his superb trumpet, but the disk would have been better if Duke had permitted him to play just the blues (Brunswick). A reissue of an old record, made at a time when the band was unexcelled in vitality and ingenuity, "Double Check Stomp" and "Old Man Blues," may be found on Bluebird 6450.

STUFF SMITH AND HIS ONYX CLUB BOYS: "Knock Knock," "Bye Bye Baby";

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Schubert. Schnabel and members of the Pro Arte String Quartet, assisted by Alfred Hobday on the string bass, play the "Trout" quintet (Victor Masterpiece Album 312).

Beethoven. Egon Petri's American recording debut in the C minor sonata, Opus 5, proves a notable success, including the authentic reproduction of piano tone (Columbia Masterworks Album 263).

Brahms. The Pro Arte Quartet, plus Anthony Pini as second 'cello and Hobday playing the bass, in a distinguished performance of the rarely heard sextet for strings (Victor Masterpiece Album 296).

Bach. A sound interpretation of the Twelve Small Preludes, aranged for harpsichord, by that outstanding practitioner, Yella Pessl (Columbia 170634).

The Radio

FORTHCOMING BROADCASTS

The Bishop of Durham, who has been an active partisan of scholars expelled from Nazi Germany, on "Universities and Freedom," Sunday, Sept. 27, 2:45 p.m., Columbia network.

Norman Thomas, Thursday, Oct. 1, 10:45 p.m., Columbia network.

Earl Browder, Friday, Oct. 2, 10:45 p.m., N.B.C. blue network.

Theater Collective. A series of four special weekly programs sponsored by the International Workers Order, supplemented by the I.W.O. symphony and mandolin orchestra. Thursdays, Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22: WMCA. N.Y., 9:45 p.m.; WCFL, Chicago, 8:30 p.m.; WIP, Philadelphia, 9:30 p.m., KQV, Pittsburgh, 9:15 p.m. Fridays, Oct. 2, 9, 16, 23: WJBK, Detroit. 9 p.m.; WHK, Cleveland, 10:30 p.m.

REGULAR FEATURES

(Times given are Eastern Daylight Saving through Saturday, Sept. 26, after which they are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups. Readers are asked to report at once any anti-working-class bias expressed by any of these artists or their sponsors.)

Seattle Symphony Orchestra, with Cameron conducting, Thursdays at 8 p.m., Columbia network.

Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Barlow conducting. Sundays at 3 p.m., Columbia network.

Bruna Castagna. Saturdays at 9 p.m., Columbia network.

Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. red network.

André Kostelanetz's Orchestra, Fridays at 10 p.m., Wednesdays at 9 p.m., Columbia network.

Rudy Vallée's Varieties. Thursdays at 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue network.

Waring's Pennsylvanians, Fridays at 9 p.m., N.B.C. blue network.

Paul Whiteman's Orchestra. Sundays at 9:15 p.m., N.B.C. network.

Burns and Allen. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia network.

Willie and Eugene Howard. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., N.B.C blue network

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The Emperor's New Clothes (Adelphia, N. Y.). W.P.A. players in the delicious old folk tale.

Gilbert & Sullivan (Martin Beck, N. Y.). The Rupert D'Oyly Carte company in superlative production of the Savoy operettas. *Iolanthe,* which will continue through Saturday, Sept. 26, will be followed by a week's run of *Pinafore.*

Idiot's Delight (Shubert, N. Y.). Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne romping through Robert Sherwood's anti-war comedy.

Injunction Granted! (Biltmore. N. Y.). The Living Newspaper W.P.A. project in an episodic history of American labor struggles.

On Your Toes (Imperial, N. Y.). A couple of Rodgers and Hart songs and Ray Bolger's dancing make an enjoyable evening.

The Path of Flowers (Daly's, N. Y.). Valentine Katayev's Soviet social satire in a pretty funny production by the W.P.A. Experimental Theater.

The Screen

WORTH SEEING

La Kermesse Héroique (Filmarte, 202 W. 57, N. Y.). This film was raided by Nazis in Holland and won the Grand Prix du Cinema in France.

Sing Baby Sing. Alleged real-life events in the life of the handsome member of an acting royal family. The Ritz brothers make this the funniest film in months.

The General Died at Dawn. Clifford Odets's first screen play, with Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll.

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